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Saturday Review

September 18, 1976

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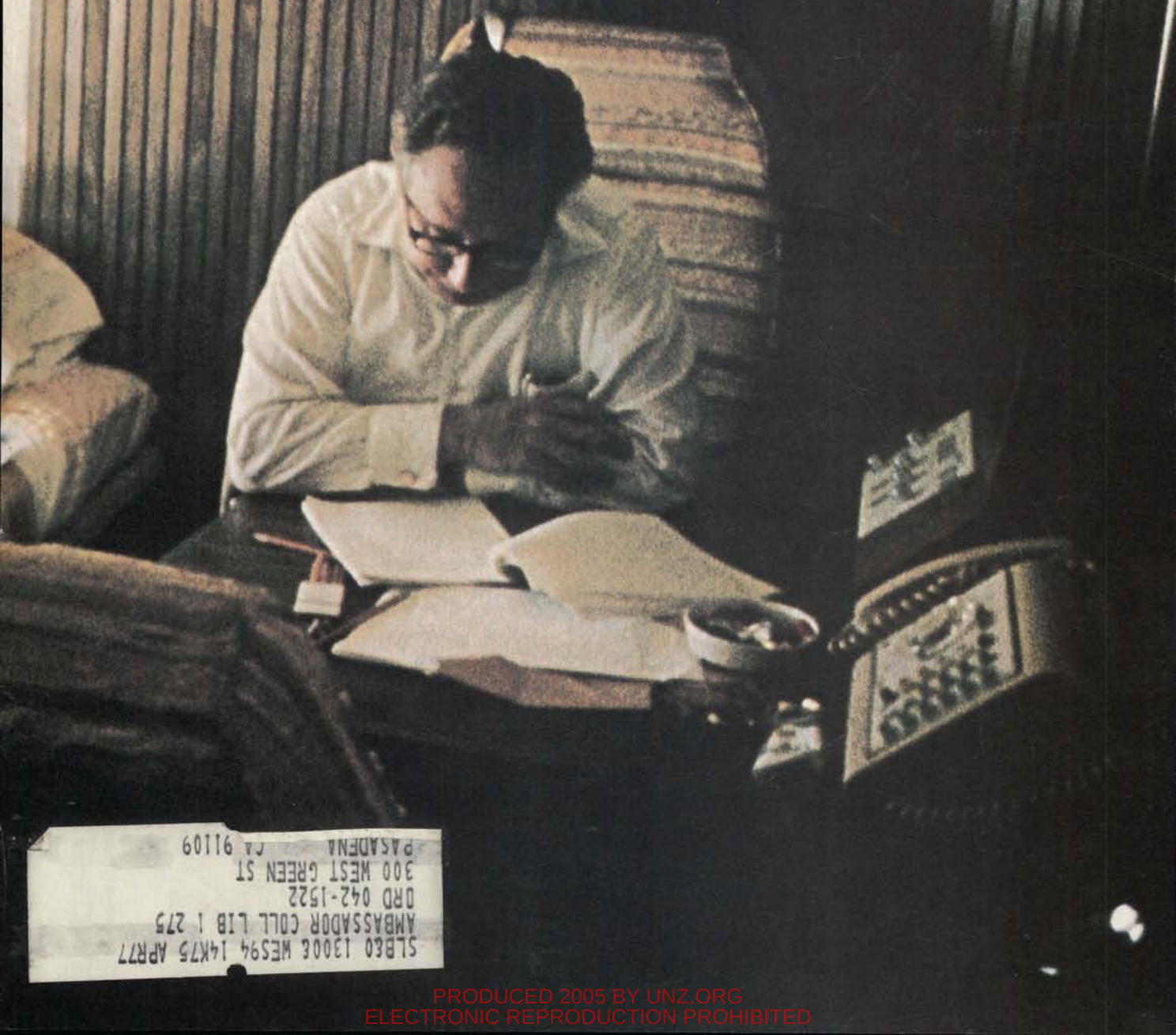

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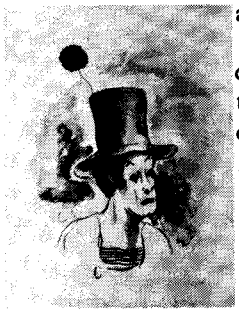

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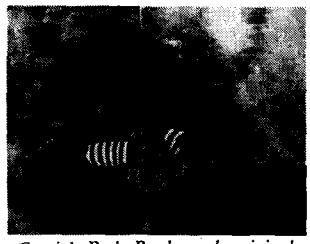

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Saturday Review September 18, 1976

4 **Editorial** by N.C.
5 **Letters from Readers**

Articles

6 **Henry Kissinger and the Anguish of power** by John G. Stoessinger *The courage to act alone*
11 **Why Jessie Hates English** by Sloan Wilson *Up to our elbows in grammarians*
14 **Reflections on the American Promise** by Sol M. Linowitz *A future of peace and plenty*

Books

20 **Roots** by Alex Haley Reviewed by Larry L. King
23 **Adolf Hitler** by John Toland Reviewed by W. Warren Wagar
26 **Now Playing at Canterbury** by Vance Bourjaily Reviewed by Stanley Kauffmann
28 **Lady Oracle** by Margaret Atwood Reviewed by Doris Grumbach
30 **Books in Brief**
33 **Trade Winds** by William Cole

The Arts

34 **Artsletter** by Roland Gelatt *Theatrical doings on stage and tube*
36 **Brancusi: Master of Elision and Re-vision** by Katharine Kuh *A centennial perspective*
39 **A New Vista for Raymond Leppard** by Irving Kolodin *The Cavalli man goes West*
41 **Talking About Men, Obsession, and a Clockmaker** by Judith Crist *Old Wertmüller, new De Palma*
44 **Victorian India Revisited** by Margaret R. Weiss *The British raj in stunning collotype*
48 **Varna Spawns a Winner** by Walter Terry *Watch out for seventeen-year-old Patrick Dupond*
50 **Recordings** by Irving Kolodin

Travel

52 **Manolita** by Horace Sutton *A soft good-bye—ciao—to an extraordinary lady*

Features

55 **World Progress Report** by Anthony Wolff
56 **Top of My Head** by Goodman Ace
58 **Manner of Speaking** by John Ciardi
59 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton
13 **Literary Crypt No. 67** 28 **Wit Twister No. 80** 64 **Double-Crostic No. 107**

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Editorial

Time and Morality

"It is difficult to imagine a more melancholy symbol for human beings than radioactive garbage circling among the stars."

It is now more than three decades since the United States first harnessed atomic energy. Today, 274 fission reactors are in operation or are scheduled for construction in twenty-six countries. The controversy now being waged over these plants focuses on the issue of safety. It is feared that an accidental explosion would kill or injure many thousands of people. What should concern us far more than the consequences of hypothetical accidents, however, are the actual dangers involved in getting rid of radioactive wastes. The stark and undeniable fact is that the highly lethal waste products produced by nuclear-power plants cannot be permanently contained by any present method of storage or dumping.

Among these waste products are strontium 90 and plutonium 239. Strontium 90 has an affinity for human bone and is carcinogenic. Plutonium 239, if released into the environment, can infect all vegetation and unhinge the chain of life.

In an effort to contain these radioactive wastes, the government has required that they be encased in steel drums or reinforced-concrete blocks. The actual disposal has been divided between storage (generally on site or underground) and dumping at sea. The difficulty here, however, is that strontium 90 has a half-life of thirty years, which means that it has to be isolated from the environment for at least 600 years. Plutonium 239 imposes even sterner requirements. Because it has a half-life of 24,300 years, it needs to be isolated for more than 250,000 years. But no container has yet been devised that can remain intact for several decades, let alone thousands of years. This means that at some future date the human beings on earth will be exposed to dangers of our making.

At the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission installation at Hanford, Wash., steel drums that contained radioactive wastes and that were buried in 1946 were discovered in 1970 to have developed serious leaks. Indeed, through administrative oversight, a 115,000-gallon leak went unnoticed for seven weeks.

Despite the inadequacy of the containers, for many years the United States dumped barrels of radioactive wastes into the sea. It was only after 86,000 such barrels were put into the ocean that Congress passed a law forbidding the practice. Even though deep-sea divers have seen broken barrels on the ocean floor, other countries—Great Britain, Switzerland, and the Netherlands among them—continue to dump nuclear wastes into the sea.

The alternative to ocean dumping is burial in underground salt beds. Among the countries already using this approach are West Germany and the Soviet Union. Some scientists, however, have questioned this alternative. Even storage in salt beds is no guarantee against corrosion or cracking. Moreover, it creates security problems, for the site must be guarded against theft by terrorists or other agents, since plutonium 239 can be used for making a wide range of atomic weapons.

Obviously, scientists are attempting to solve the problem of the impermanent container. One of their proposals is to load radioactive wastes into spaceships and shoot them into orbit. Here, however, there is no assurance that the boosters will always work or that the spaceships will not eventually drift back into the earth's gravitational field. At any rate, it is difficult to imagine a more melancholy symbol for the humans on this planet than radioactive garbage circling among the stars.

Yet another notion is that the poisons should be deposited in the polar regions, where they would sink to bedrock. This proposal apparently ignores the fact that the United States is signatory to a treaty barring use of the polar regions for purposes of waste disposal. Apart from the niceties of treaty observation, an equally severe objection is offered by those scientists who are concerned about the consequences of melting ice.

Dixie Lee Ray, former chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, has predicted that before long technology will find a storage method as long-lasting as the wastes themselves. Meanwhile, however, the present reality is that we are piling up radioactive wastes without adequate methods of protecting future generations against these lethal poisons. It is estimated that at the present rate of nuclear expansion, 60 million gallons of radioactive waste will have to be disposed of by the turn of the century.

The main questions emerging from these facts are not scientific or technological but moral. What is our obligation to later generations? How long does our responsibility reach into the future? Five hundred years? Fifty years? Five years? The week after next? Does a crime cease to be a crime if it victimizes people at a later date? Is morality solely a matter of chronology? Is it permissible to kill people so long as we don't see their faces or know their names? Is mass murder to be regarded as nothing more serious than a long-term government debt—something that can be sustained because the reckoning can be deferred?

There was a time when questions such as these would have produced an upheaval of conscience in this country. The rights of later generations were once central in the nation's philosophical and religious values. Indeed, the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention was a triumphant exercise in historical anticipation. The men at that convention were intent on recognizing a responsibility beyond their own time. But the ethics that went into that political philosophy are apparently no longer intact. Nothing is more difficult today than focusing the attention of people on the rights of the next generation. Why? N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Bigotry in Bayreuth

In his otherwise impressive article ["The Wagners of Bayreuth: 1876–1976," July 24] Irving Kolodin erroneously states that Hermann Levi was "self-chosen" by Wagner to conduct the premiere of *Parsifal.*

Wagner apologists have always been quick to show that his employment of a rabbi's son to conduct this "most Christian" of music dramas mitigates his proto-Nazi policies.

Unfortunately for us Wagner idolators, Ernest Newman, the master's definitive biographer, shows that Wagner had no choice in the matter: Wagner was "borrowin' " the orchestra of his patron, "mad" Ludwig of Bavaria, who insisted that if his kapellmeister were not allowed to conduct, the debt-plagued composer would have to find another band.

Resigned to his unpleasant lot, Wagner requested Levi to submit to baptism. It is interesting to speculate whether the quality of the performance would have been appreciably uplifted had Levi acquiesced.

H. O. Chommie
Minneapolis, Minn.

Panamania

Alan Riding's article ["Is America Giving Away the Panama Canal?" July 24] reminds me of an incident that happened when we visited the Truman Library, in Independence, Mo., in 1964. . . . President Truman came from his home to speak to foreign students, and we were asked if we would like to listen. . . .

By the time everyone had settled down in the small auditorium of the library and Mr. Truman had come out on the platform, he was in a thoroughly bad mood because the students had been delayed by a breakdown of their bus. He immediately announced that he hated lecturing and that, instead of giving a speech, he would answer any questions that the foreign students might ask. . . . A shy little girl stood up and identified herself as coming from Panama. "Mr. Truman," she faltered, "why is the United States treating my country so badly? Why has it built a canal through the middle of it and is refusing to give us any control?"

Truman started back in amazement. His eyes blazed and his voice shook. "How could you ask such an impudent question? After all the United States has done for you! . . . If it weren't for the United States, you wouldn't have any country at all!"

The audience quivered, and there was an embarrassed silence. Then I got to my feet and asked, "Mr. President, would you tell us which is your favorite headline in the library's newspaper room?" This time his eyes twinkled. "It must certainly be the headline in the *Chicago Tribune*: DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN!"

Arthur Nethercot
Colorado Springs, Colo.

I have just finished reading *SR*'s special issue on Panama and the canal-treaty issue and wish to take this opportunity to commend *SR* for presenting a sensitive and relatively fair and objective report. . . .

One important impression left by writer Alan Riding deserves response. Like many other reporters, Riding has asserted that Panama is run by a dictator hell-bent on protecting his own regime and maintaining his hero image. In this regard, Riding should stand corrected.

Panama's destiny in this critical period is being shaped by two Panamanian patriots, General Omar Torrijos and President Demetrio Basilio Lakas. By law, both men, along with the legislative branch, share in the governance of their country. Although the press and politicians tend to focus attention on Torrijos, negotiations and decisions pertinent to the canal are deliberated and acted on by both men, with Lakas (constitutionally) functioning as Panama's chief of state. . . . These two leaders have been attempting to keep their government stable and viable through acute responsiveness to both the left- and right-wing elements of their country. . . .

Of equal, if not greater, importance is Lakas's concern for developing a Panamanian middle class, increasing and improving public education and public housing, producing more food, and developing a decent standard of living for his countrymen. My recent visit with him in June revealed significant progress in these fundamental areas of human existence. . . .

If the United States really wants to better its relationships with Central and South America, it ought to show its willingness to do so by passing a fair treaty and by supporting President Lakas and General Torrijos in bringing to Panama a better life for its citizens. . . . To do less would be tantamount to abandoning a country that for more than seventy years cooperated with us in our attempts to develop a stable western hemisphere.

It would seem to me to be incumbent on the United States to approach our relationship with Panama in the same spirit rather than to be continually appeasing shipping interests and political opportunists.

Professor Louis Stamatakos
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

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Henry Kissinger and the Anguish of Power

I have been generally identified [with], or it has been alleged that I am supposed to be interested primarily in, the balance of power. I would rather like to think that when the record is written, one may remember that perhaps some lives were saved and that perhaps some mothers can rest more at ease, but I leave that to history.

—HENRY KISSINGER
news conference, Salzburg, Austria
June 11, 1974

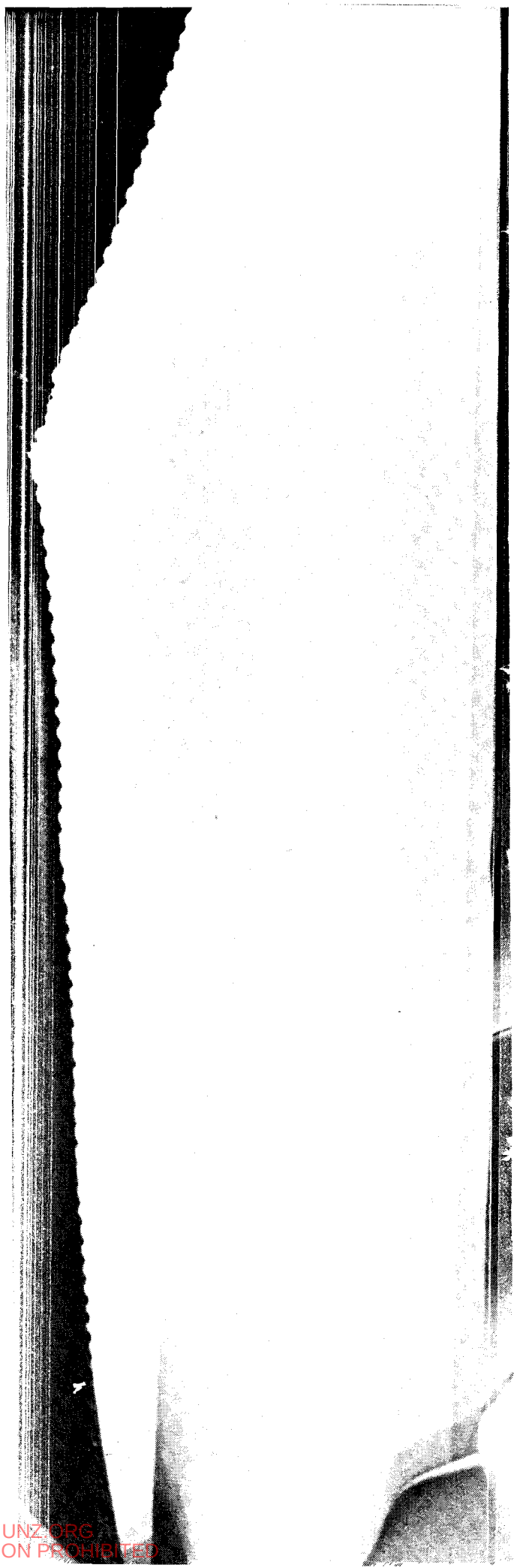
by John G. Stoessinger

HAVING known Henry Kissinger fairly well since our days at Harvard in the early fifties, I have lately noted with rising consternation the public's changing attitude toward him. I must confess to an uneasy suspicion that many people who invested Kissinger with magic in his halcyon days may have made him a symbol of their own hunger for a moment of perfection and of glory. And I suspect that many of those who later attacked him without mercy might have done so out of their own frustration, bitterness, and disappointment. What has been sadly lacking, however, is a sense of reality and balance.

While Kissinger, today, is still widely perceived as an asset to the United States in its relationships abroad, many Americans are still deeply ambivalent about his impact at home. Kissinger himself has been consistent. He has never wavered in his striving for a stable world order. But in this quest he has often walked alone. His career has shown clearly that vision and courage may not be enough to ensure success. As he himself has written, popular support is essential as well. Luck and timing also play a crucial role. Thucydides realized this long ago in ancient Athens when he elevated Fortune to the rank of goddess.

Many years ago, Kissinger told me, "I know I have a first-rate mind, but that's no source of pride to me. Intelligent people are a dime a dozen. But I am proud of having character."

Kissinger has never had much patience with mediocrities or fools. But when, in the rolling cadences of his Bavarian accent, he described some luckless academic as a "characterless bastard," he meant to convey a bottomless contempt.



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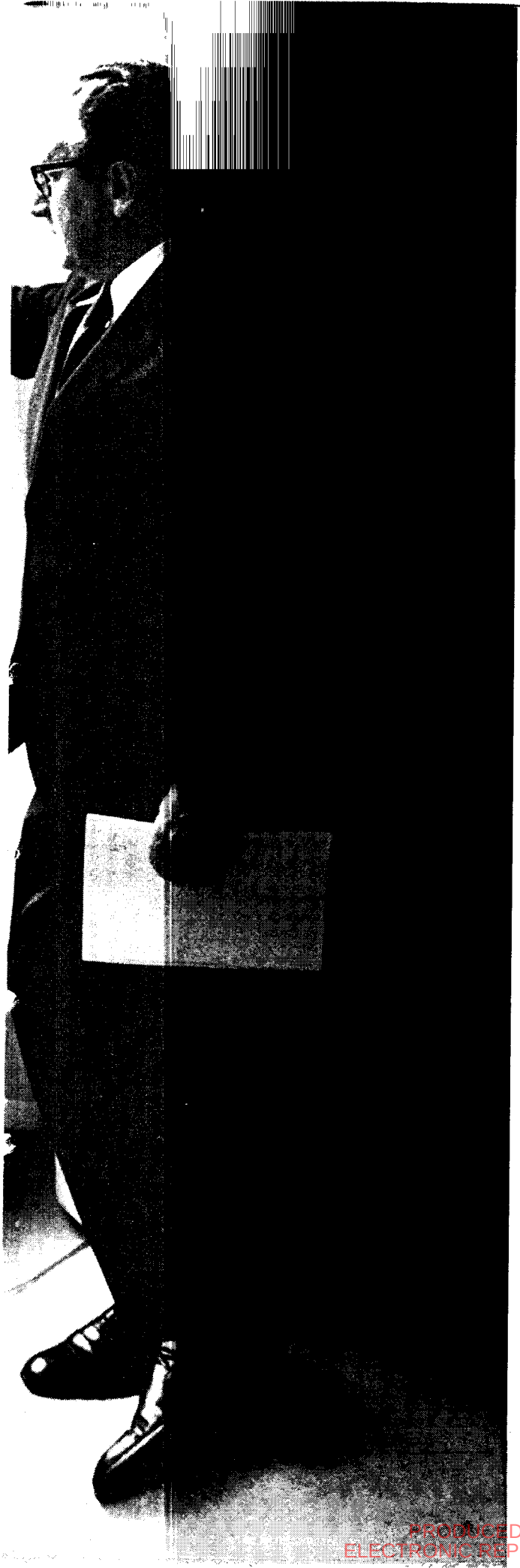

Kissinger has always reserved this ultimate epithet for those unfortunates who do not have the courage to *act* on their convictions. A man who says one thing but does another is even more certain to incur his wrath than someone who has no convictions whatsoever.

"Character," to Kissinger, has little to do with intelligence. What he admires is a man's capacity to stand up for his convictions in the world of action, alone if necessary. When, in a rare unguarded moment, Kissinger said, "I have always acted alone," he revealed a deep emotional conviction. Even though his intellect reminded him that "a policy that was conceived in the mind of one but resided in the hearts of none" was doomed to failure, this *emotional* preference for solitude remained.

Among contemporary statesmen, Kissinger most admires those who not only conceive a vision but find the courage to translate it into action even in the face of anguish and adversity. The fact that most of the men who share these qualities with him happen to be adversaries has not deterred him in the least. When, as a scholar at Harvard, he was preoccupied with Europe, he often expressed considerable admiration for the strength and steadfastness of Charles de Gaulle, the *bête noire* of the North Atlantic Treaty. After Kissinger came to power, he spoke with genuine respect of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai and of their courage in adversity. Among his fellow intellectuals, he was most drawn to Hans J. Morgenthau, even though the older scholar had often attacked his policies on Indochina and the Middle East. But he admired Morgenthau's vision in having been the first to oppose Indochina policy under Kennedy and Johnson and his courage in making that early opposition known despite official ridicule and even harassment.

In Kissinger's hierarchy of values, courage and decisiveness come first. Loyalty, too, is prized by him. Intelligence, even brilliance, he considers fairly commonplace. If they are coupled with indecisiveness and weakness, that combination is sure to arouse Kissinger's contempt. Whether one chooses to describe Kissinger's ideal in the romantic terms of Hegel's *Zeitgeist* or in the more rustic image of an embattled cowboy

---

John G. Stoessinger, professor of political science at the City University of New York, is the author of eight books on international relations. This article is adapted from his forthcoming Henry Kissinger: The Anguish of Power, *to be published by W. W. Norton.*

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Culver

Metternich, nineteenth-century German diplomat to whom Kissinger is (wrongly, he says) compared.

Culver

Castlereagh, Metternich's British opposite number and a major influence on Kissinger.

in a Western town, its essence is the same: a man must know how to think and act *alone*.

Nothing was more important to him in 1969 than the chance to test that ideal of personal independence. He believed with absolute conviction that he was the one best qualified to live up to that ideal. On one occasion, in 1968, when Rockefeller's speech writers made some changes in a Kissinger position paper, the author exclaimed furiously: "If Rockefeller buys a Picasso, he doesn't hire four house painters to improve on it!" In Kissinger's own view, this was not an arrogant statement. It was merely the reflection of an enormous, though quite genuine, intellectual self-confidence. He believed, matter-of-factly, that he was the Picasso of modern American foreign policy.

KISSINGER believes that, in creating a design for world order, realism is more compassionate than romanticism. The great American moralists, in his judgment, have been failures. In the end, Woodrow Wilson proved ineffectual and John Foster Dulles turned foreign policy into a crusade that led straight into the Indochina quagmire. Kissinger has not made peace or justice the objective of his policy, nor is he particularly interested in "making the world safe for democracy." He has merely wished to make the world safer and more stable. This was a lesser goal, one that offered no illusions but that also brought fewer disappointments. It is also a goal not quite in the mainstream of American history. But, then, Kissinger is a European in America, and his thought is rooted firmly in the European philosophical tradition.

There has been a great deal of confusion about Kissinger's intellectual debt to Metternich for his vision of stability. Kissinger himself has made it abundantly clear that he never looks to Metternich for guidance on *substantive problems* of statecraft: "Most people associate me with Metternich. And that is childish . . . there can be nothing in common between me and Metternich. He was chancellor and foreign minister at a time when it took three weeks to travel from Central Europe to the ends of the Continent, when wars were conducted by professional soldiers and diplomacy was in the hands of the aristocracy. . . ."

What Kissinger admires in Metternich is the Austrian diplomat's *conceptual insight* in having recognized the revolutionary character of the Napoleonic challenge, the need to neutralize that challenge without humiliating retribution, and, having achieved that end, his commitment to stability and balance, which ushered in a whole century without a global war.

If Castlereagh taught Kissinger that a statesman must create a vision and remain faithful to it even in adversity, Metternich taught him how to adjust that vision to reality. If Castlereagh taught him about courage and a grand design, Metternich taught him about cunning and manipulation. But when all is said and done, the lessons Kissinger could learn from these two nineteenth-century aristocrats were limited. In the end, Kissinger, too, had to stand alone.

Kissinger's philosophy of history has become an issue of some importance during the 1976 presidential campaign. Critics have accused him of excessive pessimism and have suggested that he is prepared to accept the decline of the United States to a second-class power vis-à-vis the Soviets.

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These charges do not stand up under careful scrutiny. It is true that Kissinger the historian accepts the transitoriness of all historical periods. Neither the *Pax Romana* nor the *Pax Britannica* lasted forever. Why should the *Pax Americana* be chosen by history to be any less vulnerable to transience?

On the other hand, Kissinger devoted much of his academic life to an effort to understand the nature of "revolutionary" disruptions of the international order. In other words, how did the Hitlers and the Stalins of the world manage to become so dangerous, and how could they have been stopped without catastrophe? Kissinger's work is dominated by the theme of the opposition between the forces of chaos and the forces of order.

The corollary of Kissinger's sense of the tragic is his passion for stability and balance. But none of this has ever led him to accept capitulation in the face of an expansionist aggressor. Rather, the essence of Kissinger's statecraft is the use of diplomacy, backed by force, to achieve a stable equilibrium. Hence, although Kissinger the historian tends to be a pessimist, Kissinger the statesman is a fighter to whom struggle is the very essence of the human condition.

I BELIEVE that history will show that Kissinger did very well with America's adversaries, but less well with friends and neutrals. The openings to Russia and China will doubtless stand as historic achievements. The record will also show that Kissinger managed to narrow the differences between Israel and the Arabs more successfully than any other mediator in the long history of that tragic conflict. He remained faithful to his intellectual conviction that only in an equilibrium, without victory or defeat, could the hope of peace be born. Many American Jews who cannot wait to see Kissinger leave may soon have a change of heart, for his successor may have fewer scruples than Kissinger has about "persuading" Israel to withdraw substantially to the pre-June, 1967, lines. Why were so many Jews far angrier with Kissinger, who *never* intended to push Israel back to those lines, than they were with his predecessor, William Rogers, whose plan intended to accomplish precisely that? Because Kissinger is a Jew? That fact did not place him on Israel's payroll. He remained, after all, the Secretary of State of the United States. Nowhere has Kissinger shown greater courage than in his quest for a Middle Eastern peace. It is not easy to negotiate between a hammer and an anvil.

On the debit side, there is little doubt that history will judge Kissinger harshly on Vietnam and Cambodia. He also did not perform brilliantly in his policies toward the continent where he was born. And his initiatives toward Latin America and Africa came very late indeed. Yet, on balance, it seems to me that the credits far outweigh the debits. If we are less fearful today than we were a decade ago of a thermonuclear exchange with Russia, much of the credit goes to Kissinger. More than any other single statesman, he has helped to tame the Bomb.

Perhaps the most haunting questions about Kissinger's foreign policy are of a philosophical nature. What is the role of ethics in Kissinger's world of stability and power? What is the relationship between personal and political morality? What room does Kissinger's pursuit of a stable world order leave for justice? What should be our criterion for judging his success—his intentions or the consequences of his actions? In short, what must concern us is the problem of statesmanship and moral choice.

There is little doubt that Kissinger, when facing Goethe's dilemma—the choice between justice and disorder, on the one hand, and injustice and order, on the other—has tended to prefer injustice and order. As Immanuel Kant might have put it, Kissinger has made the pursuit of a stable world order the categorical imperative of his foreign policy. If, in the process, the human element has had to be sacrificed at times on the altar of stability or of a larger strategic vision, so be it, since without stability, peace could not be born at all and justice, too, would be extinguished. He has felt that in a tragic world a statesman is not able to choose between good and evil, but only among different forms of evil. Indeed, whatever decision he makes, *some* evil consequences are bound to flow from it. All that a realistic statesman can do in such a world is choose the lesser evil.

The competing claims of stability and justice permeate the world of Kissinger. A few examples from the record will suffice to demonstrate the pervasiveness of this terrible dilemma.

In the Indochina war, the problem presented itself in its starkest form in the Nixon decision to mine the ports of North Vietnam and to order all-out bombing attacks on Hanoi and Haiphong in 1972. These actions, which Kissinger publicly supported, tested the determination of the Soviet Union and China to stand by their North Vietnamese ally. When no action was forthcoming either from Moscow or from Peking, Nixon and Kissinger realized that they had managed to isolate North Vietnam. Thus the war was brought to an end for American combat soldiers, but at a price that aroused the moral indignation of many nations and that of many Americans as well. The question that remains is whether these brutal means were justified to attain the desired objective of a "peace with honor," which, in the

Shuttle diplomacy: Kissinger and Israeli diplomats en route to yet another parley.

White House

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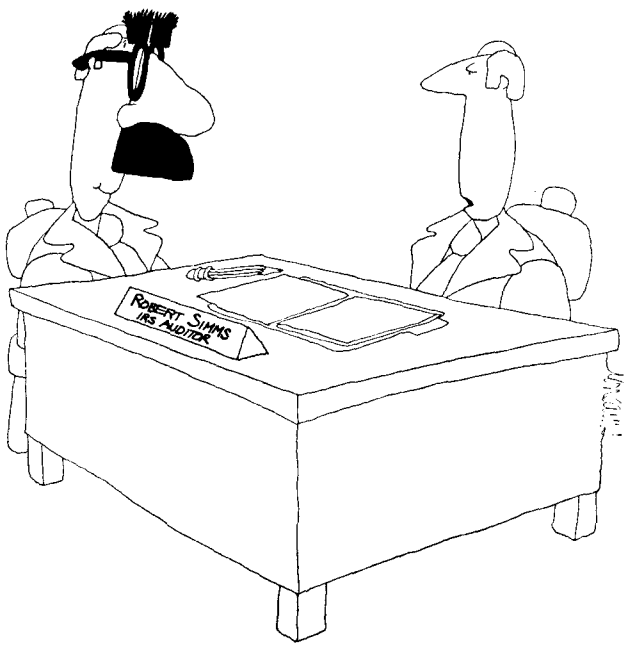
"I believe history will show that Kissinger did very well with America's adversaries, but less well with friends and neutrals. The openings to Russia and China [are] historic achievements."

end, proved to be ephemeral. Could not another, less dreadful way have been found?

In his relations with the Soviet Union, Kissinger has also been accused of indifference to the human element. As Richard Falk has put it in a thoughtful essay, "Kissinger's effectiveness in dealing with foreign governments arose from his capacity to avoid unpleasant criticisms about their domestic indecencies." And since most powerful states do have skeletons hidden in their closets, most statesmen, Falk observes, "found Kissinger's Machiavellian posture a welcome relief." If, in short, a choice had to be made between détente and human rights within the borders of the Soviet Union, there was little doubt how Kissinger would choose.

When India went to war with Pakistan in 1971, Kissinger "tilted" toward Yahya Khan. Not only had the Pakistani president helped in the preparations for the secret trip to China, but an Indian-Soviet alliance was threatening to dismember a weakened Pakistan. When Yahya Khan turned on his Bengali fellow Moslems in a ferocious civil war and drove 10 million of them into exile, Kissinger remained silent. The imperatives of the strategic balance, once again, had overshadowed the human tragedy.

Until the nations of the Third World gained a measure of power through the oil embargo and bloc alignments in the United Nations, Kissinger had little time for the problems of the small and poor. Until famines in the Third World reached catastrophic dimensions, they remained on the periphery of his political awareness. Falk observes of Kissinger's early attitude that "it was inconceivable that afflictions of this magnitude in the Northern Hemisphere would not have been perceived as a catastrophe of historic significance. . . . Kissinger's outlook presupposed that it [was] possible to manage international relations mainly by moderating conflictual relations among governments in the Northern Hemisphere." Once more, Kissinger stood accused of ignoring humanity in the name of order.



"I really wish you'd take this audit more seriously, Mr. Hanson!"

It would not be fair to Kissinger to let these judgments stand without giving him a hearing. On Indochina, the question he might ask is this: what is more merciful and more compassionate, an end with horror or a horror without end? On the problem of ignoring human rights in Russia, he might well respond by asking whether avoiding an atomic holocaust was not itself the highest moral imperative of our age. On India and Pakistan, he might ask his accuser whether Soviet domination of the Indian subcontinent might not have been the greater evil. And on the matter of the world's poor and dispossessed, Kissinger might well respond that his numerous proposals to build bridges between the world's rich and poor have more than compensated for his earlier indifference.

When Kissinger entered Harvard as an undergraduate, in 1946, another Jewish refugee, almost a generation older, had just published his first book in the United States. Hans Morgenthau's *Scientific Man Versus Power Politics* contains a paragraph that foreshadowed Kissinger's dilemma in all its awesome starkness:

> We have no choice between power and the common good. To act successfully, that is, according to the rules of the political art, is political wisdom. To know with despair that the political act is inevitably evil, and to act nevertheless, is moral courage. To choose among several expedient actions the least evil one is moral judgment. In the combination of political wisdom, moral courage and moral judgment, man reconciles his political nature with his moral destiny. That this conciliation is nothing more than a *modus vivendi*, uneasy, precarious, and even paradoxical, can disappoint only those who prefer to gloss over and to distort the tragic contradictions of human existence with the soothing logic of a specious concord.

In such a world, is it not easier to abstain from any decision altogether? Kissinger has never thought so. He feels that abstention from evil does not affect the existence of evil in the world, but only destroys the faculty of choice. As Albert Camus has said, not to choose, too, is a choice.

When history makes its judgment of the foreign policy of Henry Kissinger, the chronicle will not, Kissinger feels, pay much attention to his personal anguish when he was forced to choose between competing claims. Its iron pen will merely register the objective consequences of his acts. Nor will history reveal the alternatives had he acted otherwise. He will never know where the road *not* taken might have led. The unending quest for meaningful choices in a tragic world in which the only certainty is risk simply is a statesman's lot. It is, therefore, in action in the present that courage and humanity are born.

When, a quarter of a century ago, I first met Henry Kissinger, I had a premonition that one day he would enter history. I think the world is a safer place today because of his courage and his vision. It might even be a little better. No mortal man could ask for more. ◉

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Why Jessie Hates English

A novelist and social critic, descended from a long line of English teachers, is shocked by his daughter's angry outburst against having to learn "English"

by Sloan Wilson

Not long ago, my youngest daughter, Jessica, who is twelve years old, came home from school, dropped her book bag in the middle of our living room, and yelled, "I hate English!"

In some families this might not cause much of a stir, but I am an old English teacher, as well as a writer. My father was an English teacher and so was *his* father. As a matter of fact, my father, who enjoyed exaggeration, used to claim that all his progenitors had been English teachers, going clear back to a lone Wilson aboard the *Santa María*, who died horribly while attempting to give a lesson in English grammar to the Indians. They skinned him alive, Dad said, and boiled him.

When Jessie came home with her shocking announcement, my first impulse was to find the teacher who had made her hate English and give her the same treatment that the aborigines had given my ancestor. I should add here my objective, impartial view that my youngest daughter is extremely bright, especially gifted in English, and a surprisingly dedicated scholar. All right, the opinion of a father concerning his youngest daughter has to be discounted at least 50 percent. Even so, Jessie is a child who reads far more than most adults do at home, and she writes well enough to get the highest marks whenever she pens a report for a course other than English. In her English course she never has had to write much of anything. In many modern sixth-grade English courses, I had already discovered, writing does not occupy a large part of the curriculum, if any.

But what had the teacher been doing to make Jessie hate English? She was not, Jessie hastened to tell me, the kind of classroom ogre who can make a student hate anything.

"It's not the teacher, Daddy," she said with some exasperation, as though I were a very slow pupil, "it's just *English*."

"Don't you enjoy all the stories and poems you get in English?"

"We hardly ever get stories and poems. All we get, Daddy, is grammar. That's all we're supposed to study, right through high school. I'll show you my books."

That night I spent several hours poring over my daughter's textbooks after she had finished her homework.

"What do you think?" my wife asked, poking her head into my study when it was time for bed.

"I hate English!" I replied. "These books have converted me from a lifelong lover of the language to a truant."

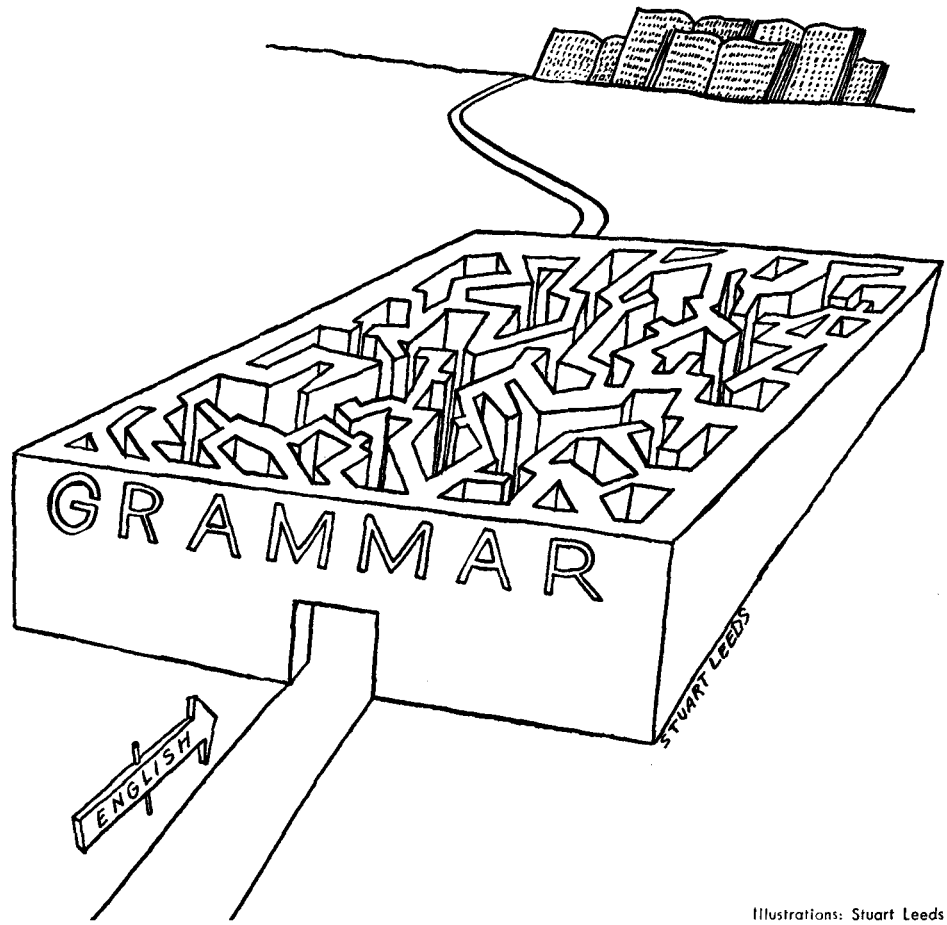
"What's the matter with them?"

I showed her two books. They were the official kind of modern textbook that apparently is contrived to look as little like a textbook as possible. The layout looks as though it is the brainstorm of the art director of a struggling new advertising agency after a three-martini lunch. Much of the copy was apparently supplied by a deposed editor of the New York *Daily News*. Headlines scream. There are eye-catching photographs of football players and full-page reproductions of old advertisements for expensive coats, cosmetics, and automobiles. In one book, my favorite horror, there is an entire section on the grammar of Madison Avenue, which the authors obviously admire.

For a long time I have been aware that we all live in a nightmare world, but I had not realized that the schools have substituted advertising copy for the prose and poetry of the masters, which students in my antique day used to study and occasionally enjoy. Why are they doing this sort of thing?

To find out, I telephoned my *oldest* daughter, Lisa, who followed the family trade and is or, rather, was an English teacher. Unlike me, she has recent knowledge of what goes on in the public schools.

"A lot of advertising copy is used to



Illustrations: Stuart Leeds

Sloan Wilson's most recent book is What Shall We Wear to This Party? The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit Twenty Years & After.

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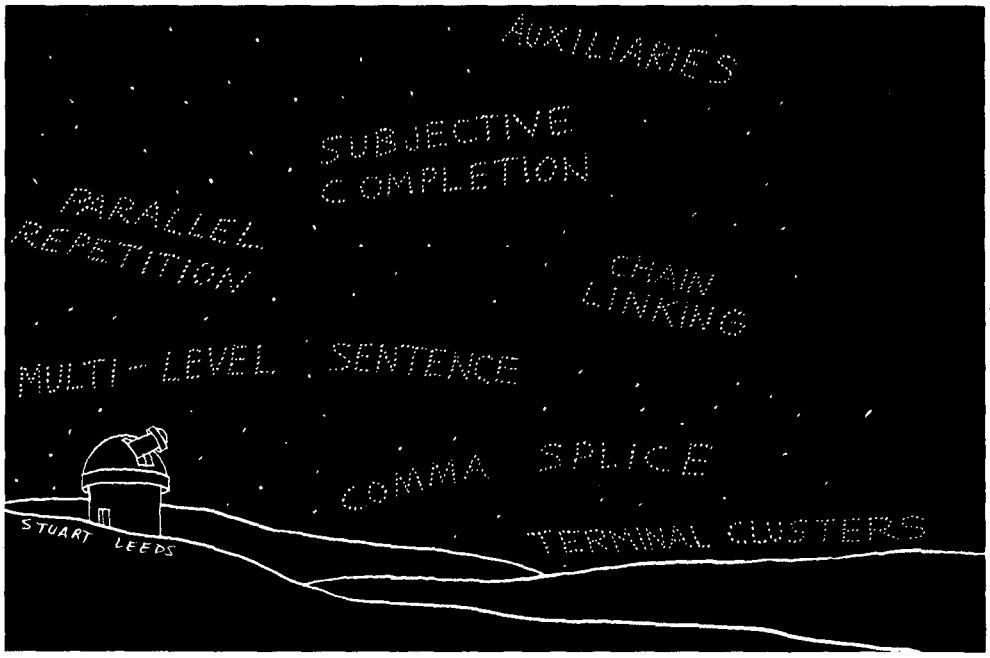

teach English nowadays," she said. "The words are short and the sentences simple—"

"I'm not talking about a class for retarded children," I objected.

"Neither am I. That's the depressing part of it. Even in classes for the brightest children, the advertising copy is sometimes useful, just to keep the kids awake."

"I hate the whole system!" I exploded. "Jessie spends hours at home looking at television, and when she finally goes to school, they teach her advertisements as though they were gems of English prose! Pretty soon she's going to think and talk like a deodorant commercial!"

"Do I?" Lisa asked with a laugh. "What do you think I had to study? The lucky thing is that most kids ignore school."

Perhaps in an effort to preserve some façade of respectability, Jessie's English textbooks also included some brief snippets of good books by recognizable authors. A few paragraphs by the masters, from Mark Twain to Ray Bradbury, were sandwiched between the gaudy photographs and the advertising copy, free samples of a product that many of the students may never see in its entirety.

The jazzy layout, which made a textbook look like a sales brochure, and the snippets of real writing were all sugarcoating for the main subject of Jessie's English books, which was, of course, grammar. Page after page was devoted to this dismal exercise, chapter after chapter. Many little tests in grammar were offered. Most of them I could not pass despite a lifetime of making a living by writing English.

What are "derivational suffixes"? How about a "subjective completion"? While I puzzled over "subjective completion," I thought it might be some sort of euphemism for "premature ejaculation," but the textbook tells me that it is "a word which completes the verb and refers back to the subject." Understand now?

I have here a whole bagful of nuggets of information mined from Jessie's textbook. Here is one sentence: "Just as there are determiners to signal the presence of nouns in a sentence, so too are there signal words which point to the presence of verbs —structure words called *auxiliaries*."

That is the kind of sentence that I cannot understand and do not want to understand. People who understand sentences like that are thrown out of the Authors League and the Roma Bar, my favorite hangout.

Do you have "terminal clusters"? They are not a form of cancer, but something that adds to the descriptive power of prose, the book assures me. Are you a master of the "multi-level sentence"? Apparently it has nothing to do with the critics' favorite, the multi-level novel. Are you good at "parallel repetition" and "chain linking"? We are still talking about English prose, mind you, not wire fences. Are you a master of that new addition to marlinespike scholarship, the "comma splice"?

My twelve-year-old daughter has to be able to interpret all this nonsense. If she can't, she will fail her examinations in English, no matter how much she reads at home, no matter how well she writes for other classes.

Who invented all this hideous jargon used by grammarians? I don't know, but my quotations are from that favorite horror book of Jessie's, *Grammar Lives*. The title becomes more nonsensical the more one thinks about it. This mercifully slender volume, which presumably has been sold to many school systems, was published in 1975 by McDougal, Littell & Company. The names of the people responsible for this reverse masterpiece go on like the "crawl" preceding a pornographic movie, constituting a list of individuals eagerly seeking credit for the discreditable. The "consultant" is Karen J. Kuehner. The "authors" are Ronald T. Shephard and John MacDonald. The "editorial direction," which must have been remarkable, was supplied by Claudia Norlin. These people presumably all got together, invented or borrowed phrases like "terminal clusters," reprinted some old advertisements and snippets of legitimate prose, and then really demonstrated their talents by finding a way to make this stuff compulsory reading for hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of innocent children. They should not, however, feel alone in their guilt. Plenty of other "educators" are helping them to make children hate English and to be illiterate.

I COULD quote many more examples of the grammarian's art, but I have to take it easy on my blood pressure.

"Why does grammar make you so angry?" my wife asked. "Doesn't everybody have to study it?"

The answer, of course, is that for the last few thousand years nobody was asked to study grammar anywhere near as much as the pupils in most American public schools, where it often occupies most of the English curriculum. In my own youth I studied formal grammar briefly in the fifth grade. I remember it because it seemed so silly. Who but a schoolteacher would diagram sentences and make simple prose so complex? Fortunately my teacher hated grammar as much as I did. Soon she returned to assigning us themes and correcting them in detail, a much better way to teach the mechanics of the language. She also asked us to read good books—*whole books*, not snippets. When we wrote book reports, the teacher got another shot at correcting our English. I often wonder what she would have said if someone had asked her to give us advertisements for study.

I have heard it said that the students of my generation and of prior ones did not

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need to learn grammar because we studied so much Latin. I believe that this contradicts everything that has been learned about learning, part of which can be summed up with the astonishing news that when a boy studies Latin, he just learns Latin. My own case provides only one correction to that. For eight years I studied Latin, but I didn't acquire any lasting knowledge of Latin. I just learned to hate school, except for English, which made sense. I do not owe my knowledge of English to Latin, except for the fact that Latin made everything else appear easy.

Those who are in charge of planning English courses in the public schools do not seem to be aware of the fact that those who study grammar do not learn English —they just learn the crazy jargon of the grammarians and all their rules and regulations for English when studied as a dead language. Grammar is an attempt to codify the English language, reduce it to abstractions devoid of meaning or beauty, break it into "rules," "laws," and pseudo-mathematical "rights" and "wrongs." The fact that it is necessary to learn to speak and write grammatically does not mean that one must devote much time to the abstract study of grammar. One should, instead, study, of all things, speaking and writing.

Some youngsters can find real joy in writing a good theme and welcome a teacher's attempts to show them how to improve it, even if the corrections involve the use of a few basic rules of grammar. In a properly run English composition class, grammar has specific applications and is not taught as an abstract "science." As it should be, it is always subordinate to the basic urge to communicate, not an end in itself.

I think I know how the public schools came to rely more and more heavily on the teaching of grammar as an abstract science. As the children of parents who

themselves spoke broken English flooded the public schools, something had to be done to help countless students learn whole new speech patterns. The study of grammar is not good remedial English, as the performance of so many high school graduates sadly proves, but it must have seemed a good solution at first and a much cheaper one than the complex programs necessary for helping a person change speech patterns acquired in infancy.

Although classes in grammar didn't teach children anything but how to pass examinations devised by the grammarians, they offered certain practical advantages. Tests in grammar can be graded by machines. A teacher who asks his class to write themes every day may be deluged with papers that have to be corrected line after line by a human hand. It is also true that almost any adult, after a few months of specialized instruction, can teach grammar. To be a good teacher of English composition, one has to be able to write good English oneself. As has been often remarked, English has rarely been a strong point of the teachers colleges and departments of education, which have produced most of our public school teachers. The jargon of the educators is not conducive to teaching good, clear English.

The current discovery that high school graduates on the whole read and write with more difficulty than even their recent predecessors hits educators hard. The public schools have been supported and defended as an act of faith by most Americans all during their periods of rapid growth, especially since World War II. Criticisms have been shrugged off as the work of crackpots or intellectual snobs. When the book *Why Johnny Can't Read* came out, more than twenty years ago, it sold a lot of copies, but it was never quite respectable among people who were seriously concerned with the schools. If the schools were not teaching reading well at the moment, the feeling was, the difficulties would soon be overcome.

Now decades have passed, and there is evidence that the schools are teaching reading worse than they have in the past and that writing among recent high school graduates is almost a lost art. There have been loud cries for "a return to the fundamentals." And what are the fundamentals? Reading? Writing? Of course not! In the minds of the educators, *grammar* is the real fundamental. If the proliferation of courses in grammar has resulted in the graduation of countless youngsters who can hardly read or write, the obvious answer is to give the youngsters even more grammar. If one aspirin doesn't stop your headache, take two.

Apparently no one puts himself in the position of the student who sits squirming while the teacher drills him in grammar day after day, year after year. It's easy to see why such a student doesn't want to read anything—he is taught to regard the text as a boneyard of grammar problems on which he will probably be quizzed. Writing, too, becomes a test of fitting together words and phrases in a way that is *grammatical*, not interesting, funny, or meaningful. My youngest daughter is not the only pupil in her school who hates English, and as a result, she gives it as little time as possible.

Like many other parents, I have tried to do something about this situation for my child. I wrote a long letter to my old friend David S. Siegel, the superintendent of schools in Ticonderoga, N.Y., the upstate village where we live. Dave really wanted to help. He referred the matter to the "language arts coordinator," a title that apparently means "head English teacher" in the language of contemporary public schools. He turned out to be a pleasant, intelligent young chap who is alarmingly well versed in the theories of modern public schools, but ambitious and idealistic concerning the English courses nonetheless. He organized a class for students from three grades who are especially gifted in English and invited my youngest daughter to join it. The class is known as a speed group, and now, poor Jessie reports, she is being fed about three times as much grammar as before. Her new ambition is to be a veterinarian. With animals, after all, she will be asked neither to write, to read, nor even to talk. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 67

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 61.*

YKRVEQRC XZR EQYHZ

TSZHCYVRH CAQC

DYHZ XZR QRHDZEZL

Q CAVSHQRL FZQEH

QKV. —KVZCAZ

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Reflections on the American Promise

Our future is even dicier and more dangerous than the present, but it holds the promise of unparalleled peace and plenty

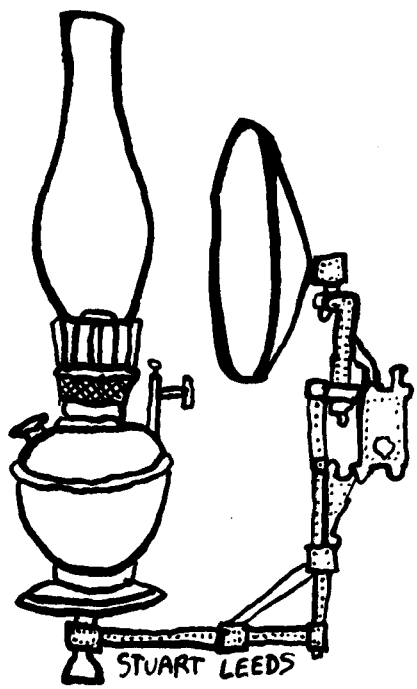
by Sol M. Linowitz

DURING this Bicentennial year many people in many places are peering into clouded crystal balls trying to extrapolate the future. Personally, I take a dim view of this kind of exercise. My own feeling was best summed up by Dr. Henry Wriston, former president of Brown University, who once observed: "Never extrapolate a curve—even on a woman."

Despite this sound advice, the undeniable fact is that curves are being extrapolated all around us. At various distinguished and not-so-distinguished institutions, extrapolators are boggling the mind with their assertions that we are all hell-bent for disaster unless we can find ways to limit our growth, to cut back in our objectives, to restrict our vision in various areas. Looking back nostalgically, they point out the dangers of the future, forgetting the words of Professor Alfred North Whitehead that it is "the *business* of the future to be dangerous."

Obviously, we are living in times that are themselves dangerous and that portend an even more dangerous future. We are at a time that has been called both the Age of Anxiety and the Age of Science and Technology. Both are accurate, for, indeed, one feeds on the other. As our scientific and technological competence has increased, so have our fear and anxiety. In a real sense we are at a time of paradox—a time when we have learned to achieve most and fear most. It is a time when we seem to know much more about how to make war than how to make peace, more about killing than about living. It is a time of unprecedented need and unparalleled plenty, a time when great advances in medicine and science and technology are overshadowed by incredible achievements in instruments of destruction. It is a time when the world fears not the primitive or the ignorant man but the educated, the technically competent one, who has it in his power to destroy civilization. It is a time when malaise hangs heavy, when we can send men up to walk on the moon, yet we hauntingly recall Santayana's words that men have come to power who, "having no stomach for the ultimate, burrow themselves downward toward the primitive."

If there is one thing we must clearly recognize, it is that it is more important than ever before to find a way to unite the world for the betterment of the human condition, to try to make the world safe for people. The real challenge we face is how we can move humankind toward a full realization of peace and plenty, how we can both attain and share in the great social opportunities of our lifetimes. Certainly today there is no longer any escape from facing front and asking the real and hard questions—because in this nuclear age we cannot hide and we cannot drop out. We can only choose where to take our stand. And in doing so, we have to remember who we are and what we are.



It is easy to forget what a young nation we are. Until a relatively short time ago, we were a frontier nation. Even as steel mills were smoking in the East, battles with Indians were being fought in the West. Putting it in more current terms, when Charles de Gaulle was born, America had not yet admitted to the Union the states of New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho, not to mention Alaska and Hawaii.

For a century and a half our challenge was simply to master the geography of a continent, and we succeeded. So today our frontiers are no longer limited by unscalable mountains and wild rivers. We have learned to conquer the elemental forces of the continent; and in doing so, we not only have established a nation of unparalleled strength but have discovered within ourselves a vision of human potential. The fundamental question we must ask ourselves is how we can realize that vision.

Robert Frost once concluded a poem with these words:

They cannot scare me with their empty
spaces
Between stars—on stars where no
human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert
places.*

Continued on page 16

Sol M. Linowitz, former U.S. ambassador to the Organization of American States, is a senior partner in the law firm of Coudert Brothers.

*From "Desert Places," from *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright 1936 by Robert Frost. Copyright © 1964 by Lesley Frost Ballantine. Copyright © 1969 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Publishers.

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John Adams—American in Europe	*October 4*	National Symphony, conducted by Andre Kostelanetz, Yehudi Menuhin, soloist
John and Abigail—in London	*October 11*	Verdi's Requiem. National Symphony, University of Maryland Chorus, Julius Rudel conducting
John Adams—Vice President	*October 18*	Donizetti's Roberto Devereux, starring Beverly Sills. Julius Rudel conducting, with John Alexander, Susan Marsee and Richard Fredricks
John Adams—President	*October 25*	World Series of Jazz. Dizzy Gillespie, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Billy Eckstine
John Quincy Adams—Diplomat	*November 1*	Bonnie Raitt & Mose Allison
John Quincy Adams—Secretary of State	*November 8*	Galina & Valery Panov
John Quincy Adams—President	*November 15*	Cleo Laine & John Dankworth
John Quincy Adams—Congressman	*November 22*	New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble, directed by Gunther Schuller
Charles Francis Adams—Minister to Great Britain	*November 29*	Dionne Warwick
Henry Adams—Historian	*December 6*	Mikhail Baryshnikov with Gelsey Kirkland, Martine Van Hamel and Marianna Tcherkassky
Charles Francis Adams II—Industrialist	*December 13*	Preservation Hall Jazz Band
	December 20	National Symphony, Andre Kostelanetz conducting Tchaikovsky

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Reflections from page 14

I believe that it is within these—our own desert places—that our real test as a nation is now going to be met. Yet in these days of national anxiety and peril there is reason for grave concern that we have become badly confused as to the place where the truly crucial battle of our time is being fought. For it is not in Africa, in the Middle East, in China, or even in Russia that we are today facing our greatest challenge. The real, the vital, the decisive battle is being fought where the deepest battles are always fought—in the minds of men.

Today a nation's power can no longer be measured in terms of Francis Bacon's catalog of "walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly race of horses, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance and artillery." National power—real national power—depends as much on ideas and traditions and those things that are basic to a people's beliefs. What a country believes and why it believes it, the things for which it stands and why—these are vital considerations in evaluating the strength of the bond that holds a nation together. In this respect we who share the democratic idea have on our side the touch of centuries, the heritage of the West's steady search for light and truth. Out of the Reformation, the Renaissance, and the constant groping for ways to make men's rights and freedoms secure we have evolved for ourselves a pattern of inching forward toward a more ethical and therefore a stronger society. Measured beside our own past, the Soviet Union stands coarse and naked and empty, for Russia has never experienced the enrichment that comes from history's mellowing, has never attained the binding power that comes only from the free thought and deep conviction of free people. In the test of strengths, our commitment to freedom and justice has been our immensely rich and powerful resource.

We must never forget that we are a nation with some deep roots that go far back to some simple words in the Magna Carta: "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay, right or justice." When those who fought our revolution had finished binding up their wounds, they wrote the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, knowing that the price they had paid was high, but not too high.

And they put into the Bill of Rights a series of magnificent restraints enshrining for the first time the individual's right to say "no" to government—and get away with it. They fashioned these "thou shalt nots" out of abuses they had known and seen and never wished to know or see again. These were safeguards put together for a great and solemn purpose—their object to assure that we would above all else be a society of free men and women.

In these times and in this kind of world, we need more zealous vigilance than ever before to assure that we remain that kind of society. What is desperately required is that our society be one in which free men and women will be free to think and act with independence, wisdom, and courage. If we are to remain a land that is both free and brave, we will need more great people to accomplish more great things, and this greatness must be of the mind and spirit and not merely of the voice or of the arm.

"What we need today is not a reformulation of national purpose but a recollection of national purpose."

We will not achieve that greatness unless in this Bicentennial year we recommit ourselves to those things that are the very basis of our strength. What we need today is not a *reformulation* of national purpose but a *recollection* of national purpose. What is called for is not a further articulation of the things for which we *should* stand but a real effort to begin to stand for the things for which we always said we *do* stand.

How do we begin to do this? Let me suggest several obvious ways.

First, as never before, we must determine to stand constant and vigilant guard over our own freedoms. In recent years we have watched men of great power demean their high offices and betray their trust, pleading as justification that a noble end can justify ignoble means. If there is any lesson Watergate should have retaught us, it is that the *way* we do things in this country is fundamental to the kind of nation we are; that the *way* we proceed to reach an objective by weighing and measuring with fairness and objectivity and with basic presumption of innocence and integrity is fundamental to our heritage; that here we stand not only for a *right* to freedom and justice but for a *way* to freedom and justice; and that bad things cannot be justified in the name of a high purpose without damaging and ultimately destroying that purpose.

It was William James who described our civic genius as a people as "the trained and disciplined good temper toward the other side when it fairly wins its inning." And the key words are "when it fairly wins its inning." For in these days of bribery, of payoffs, of deceitful claims, of shameful compromises, what we desperately need to remember is that our whole system is based on our belief in fair play and that tinkering with the rules—resorting to hanky-panky, tampering with our legal procedures—betrays our heritage.

Seen in that light, Watergate can be regarded as a Bicentennial birthday present to us—reminding us in a way we can never forget that freedom cannot be preserved like a wine in darkness; that it needs light and use to remain strong and vital. And that is a responsibility we all share together—We the People.

Second, it is important to understand that the depth and validity of our commitment to the principles we espouse will be judged by our actions and not simply by our words. Archibald MacLeish once wrote, "America is promises." America is *indeed* promises; and for generation after generation it has been a land of fulfilled promises. But the bitter fact is that for blacks and other dispossessed people, America has become a land of broken promises, and our history has been for them a history of broken promises.

This is a time to look back and remember: Thomas Jefferson wanted to write into the Constitution a provision that the slaves would be set free. But his colleagues in Philadelphia did not agree. At that time there were only 4 million people in this country, and one in four was a slave. As history moved on, slavery remained an indigestible element in the American dream. From 1790 through 1850 no President even mentioned the word "slavery" in his State of the Union Message. But as President Lincoln said in the midst of the Civil War, "We cannot escape history." Either the institution of slavery or our democracy had to go. All informed men saw the conflict coming when John Brown appeared at Harpers Ferry. Six months after his raid we had the siege of Fort Sumter and we were started on the irreversible road to all the dark and bloody battlefields of a terribly bloody war—Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Antietam, Gettysburg. History can move quickly.

And history can move slowly.

More than a century ago, in 1862, Lincoln signed the Emancipation Procla-

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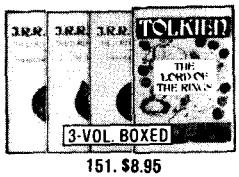

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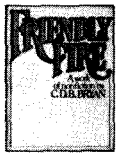

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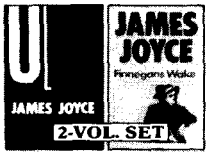

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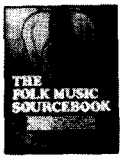

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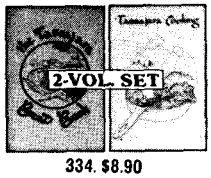

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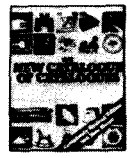

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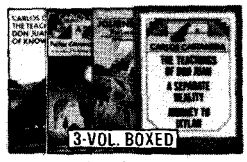

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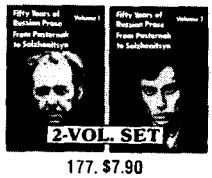

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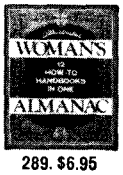

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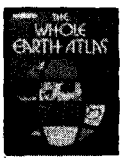

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mation and freed about 2 million slaves. Sixty years later, we dedicated the Lincoln Memorial. The year was 1922, and a small section of seats was provided for the segregated blacks so they could attend the celebration of freedom. Twoscore years later, Martin Luther King, Jr., stood on the steps of the memorial and told us, "I have a dream." Two hundred thousand were there to hear him, but all of us understood in our hearts—all 200 million of us—that he was dreaming the same American dream as Jefferson had 200 years before.

And that is perhaps the greatest challenge we face as we take stock this Bicentennial year: whether we will at long last be able to find ways to fulfill that dream, recognizing that millions cannot be expected to sit in their separate sections and live on a promise forever. To fulfill that promise will require nothing less than the dedicated, committed effort of all of us to do what we can, each in his own way, to remove the blight of discrimination and squalor that still haunts this nation. Until we do, we will have many reasons to remember the truth of Emerson's words: "What you are . . . thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary."

The third major challenge that confronts us, I believe, is that of clarifying for ourselves the nature of our responsibility to the other people of this changed and changing world—a world that has now become truly interdependent.

When our forefathers issued the Declaration of Independence, they said they were doing so "out of a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." We have always been concerned about that "decent respect" because we have always regarded our mission as one that had meaning far beyond our shores. In his Inaugural Address of 1801, Thomas Jefferson described the United States as "the world's best hope." Lincoln spoke of our government as "the last, best hope of earth."

From the beginning there has been an expectation that we would set an example for the world, that we would undertake to perform an experiment in human possibility. From the very beginning the world has looked to us to live up to certain standards of integrity, decency, and dignity and to involve ourselves deeply in moving humankind toward a world of freedom and justice. Obviously, it would be neither right nor fitting for us to undertake to prescribe for the rest of the world. Obviously, it would be neither appropriate nor feasible for us to try to become the world's policeman or tutor. If nothing else, our own experience should give us an awareness of our own limitations. For if with all of our skills and resources we are still unable to overcome our own urban blight; if with all of our technological and scientific knowledge people in this country still go to bed hungry; if with all of our commitments to democracy we still find those in high places who betray our democratic institutions, then clearly there is good reason for modesty and humility on our part before we undertake to lecture others on how they should deal with their own problems.

But there are certain things for which we have always said we stand and to which we have made a commitment. We have always proclaimed our belief in human rights. We have always talked of our respect for every man's right to stand erect and with dignity as a child of God. We have always held ourselves out as a place of refuge for those seeking freedom. We have always treasured the human and the humane because we have cared about what happened to other human beings. And all of this has made us, and continues to make us, a different kind of society, one that cannot afford to be reticent about its commitment to fundamental human values—anywhere in the world. When human rights are trampled on, when man's inhumanity is unleashed on man, we—of all nations—cannot remain silent or unaffected. To settle for anything less would be to betray our tradition and to weaken a vital source of our country's strength in the world.

What others perceive, perhaps more clearly than we do ourselves, is that with all of our troubles and perplexities, we may well be on the verge of creating in this country the first free society in the history of the world. By "free society" I mean far more than eliminating the slave base on which Athenian culture rested and more than overcoming the downtrodden status of the people of the Renaissance. I mean a society in which man is capable of basing all of his choices and actions on understandings that he has himself achieved and on values that he embraces for himself. The free man in a free society is aware of the basis on which he accepts propositions as true. He understands the values by which he lives, the assumptions on which they rest, and the consequences to which they lead. The free man is the rational man, and the degree of his freedom is the degree of his grasp of himself, of his environment, and of his relationship with his surroundings.

We hear far too much today about the development of man's means to destroy himself. We hear far too little about the opportunities he has to create. For if man has found the terrible means to enslave, he has also found the means to liberate.

The only boundaries we still have in this country today are the boundaries of prejudice and ignorance. I believe we may

"May I have a straw, please?"

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come to be a great society and a free society because at long last we have the opportunity to eliminate those boundaries.

President John F. Kennedy once said: "We have the power to make this the best generation in the history of mankind, or to make it the last." As a people, we have, I believe, made our decision that we want this to be the best generation. For the first time in human history we have the science and the technology, the skills and the resources, to make it happen, to put an end to the hunger and disease and privation that have for so long been the scourge of mankind. The question we have to ponder on the 200th birthday of this nation is whether we are ready to do what we can with our great strengths and our great gifts to make this the kind of country and the kind of world it can be.

More than 100 years ago, Thomas Huxley visited the United States and afterward wrote this about what he had seen: "I cannot say that I am in the slightest degree impressed by your bigness and your material resources as such.

"Size is not grandeur and territory does not make a nation.

"The great issue about which hangs the terror of overhanging fate is: What are you doing with all those things?"

That is still the great overhanging question that confronts us—not how we are going to be able to achieve all the things we can but what are we going to do with all these things?

And our answer on this Bicentennial must be worthy of the best within us. It must be a renewed commitment to our own basic principles, an affirmation that we recognize our kinship with the other people on this earth, and a determination to do what we can to assure that mankind will yet know the kind of world that has always been part of the American dream —a world free from war and free from want. ◉

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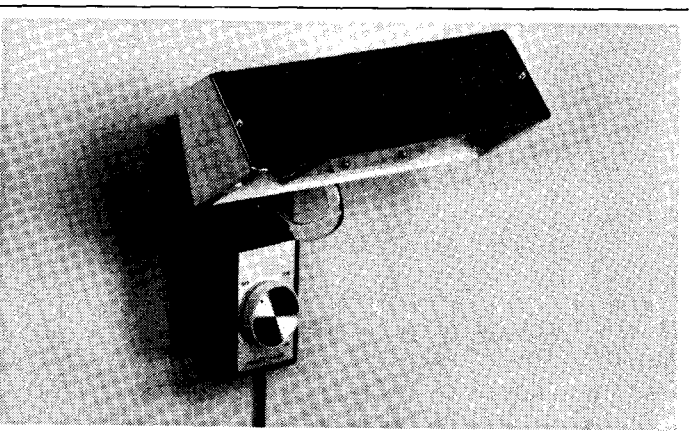

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From the Seed of Kunta Kinte

Roots
by Alex Haley
Doubleday, 569 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Larry L. King

FIVE years ago, at a writers' convocation in Chicago, I chanced to sit for dinner near a loquacious black man, who almost immediately launched into a non-stop two-hour narrative of his astonishing and painstaking search to trace his family back to its African origins. I was spellbound by Alex Haley's story (which he has told more than 1,000 times from public platforms, to say nothing of how many other unsuspecting diners he may have ambushed), and, at its conclusion, I naively hoped aloud that the author would let me know when his book would be published. It proved entirely unnecessary for Mr. Haley to send me a postcard.

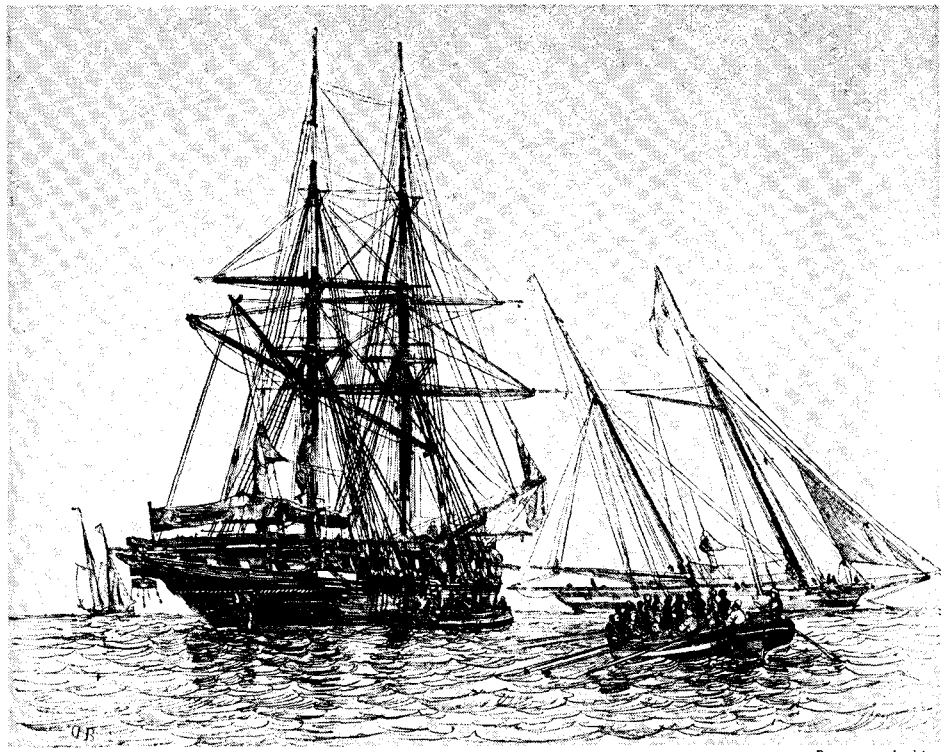
Alex Haley's *Roots*, indeed, is being touted as the Big Book of this bicentennial year. Some 200,000 hardback copies are in print; the film is in the can for a multi-part network-television special, and one can only imagine how many millions of copies *Roots* may sell in paperback. It is nice to see Haley rewarded for his twelve years of labor on a work that has obsessed him since he conceived of it.

We owe this remarkable tour de force not only to Haley's persistent detective work but to his proud African ancestor Kunta Kinte, who, in the summer of 1767, was out cutting wood near the Gambia River to make himself a drum when slavers set upon him. Though he had no way of knowing the place or the time, the seventeen-year-old Kunta Kinte arrived in chains at the port of Annapolis, Md., in September of that year (as his descendant would later determine) and was sold into slavery in Spotsylvania County, Va., to John Waller. After attempting to run away four times and after suffering punishments, including the brutal amputation of half his right foot, the troublesome slave was deeded to another (Dr. William) Waller.

In time Kunta Kinte resigned himself to a weary accommodation of the realities —though never to a spiritual acceptance of slavery—and became the buggy driver for Dr. Waller on his house calls to the plantations. In middle age, he married the cook of the master's big house, a woman known only as Bell, and produced a daughter, Kizzy. Kunta Kinte was careful to teach a smattering of African words and something of his heritage to Kizzy, who, in turn, passed the information along to her own children. Each succeeding generation kept the remarkable oral tradition alive, handing down all they'd retained about their ancestor Kunta Kinte and adding the basics of their own narrative. Almost 150 years later, the precious few original facts had filtered down to Alex Haley, then a child in Tennessee; his was the seventh generation to receive them. They would serve as the inspiration for this book.

Haley's story of how he came to write the book and of the demanding research he undertook is more beguiling to this writer than is the story of his family, even though his family symbolizes all American blacks who came from slavery's bitter roots. The saga of Kunta Kinte, from a small boy in his African village to the midyears of his life, is absolutely first-rate and fascinating. Thereafter the story, with a few notable exceptions, seems overly familiar and without suspense. Perhaps after one has read a number of slave narratives and historical works, such as those by Lerone Bennett, and plantation pot-boilers, typified by Kyle Onstott's *Mandingo*, the stories of slave cruelties lose their punch and are no longer impressive. The whippings, the splitting up of families, and the maddening accumulation of "little" humiliations suffered by blacks remain no less terrible than before, but only rarely does Haley invoke them in a special way to bring fresh anger and compassion surging to the heart. Perhaps this is not Haley's fault so much as it is the heart's fault for growing tired and jaded.

Haley faced problems, to be sure. Except for such basic information as he found documented and for interviews with



Bettmann Archive

Slave ship—"The loss of forty-two Africans en route was average."

Among Larry L. King's books is Confessions of a White Racist, *which in 1971 was nominated for a National Book Award.*

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the older members of his family in their declining years, he discovered many gaps and mysteries. He was thus forced to do a lot of conjecturing in his non-fiction work, improvising numerous scenes and numberless private conversations. Apparently he read everything on slavery he could get his hands on, and although his diligence helps the authenticity, it sometimes has the negative effect of making the experienced reader feel he has read the story before. *Roots*, unhappily, is not the masterwork one had hoped for, yet the flaws pale when compared with the enormity of Haley's task.

ALEX HALEY was a messman in the U.S. Coast Guard when World War II broke out; he retired, in 1959, at age thirty-seven, with the unique designation of "journalist." He subsequently worked for *Playboy*, *Reader's Digest*, and other magazines. (His interview with Malcolm X led to his writing the book *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*; shortly after Haley completed the manuscript, Malcolm X was assassinated.)

While on assignment for a magazine, Haley visited the British Museum and found himself enthralled by the Rosetta stone. It started him thinking: could he, with the limited knowledge in his possession, learn the location in Africa from which his ancestor Kunta Kinte had come?

> I had an unknown quotient in those strange words or sounds passed on by the African. I got to thinking about them: "Kin-tay," he had said, was his name. "Ko" he had called a guitar. "Kamby Bolongo" he had called a river in Virginia. They were mostly sharp, angular sounds, with *k* predominating. These sounds probably had undergone some changes across the generations of being passed down, yet unquestionably they represented phonetic snatches of whatever was the specific tongue spoken by my African ancestor who was a family legend. My plane from London was circling to land at New York with me wondering: What specific African tongue was it? Was there any way in the world that maybe I could find out?

Haley went to the United Nations, in New York, "to tell my sounds to African diplomats." And "within a couple of weeks, I guess I had stopped about two dozen Africans, each of whom had given me a quick look, a quick listen, and then took off. I can't say I blame them—me trying to communicate some African sounds in a Tennessee accent."

Alex Haley (left) in a Gambian village with Levar Burton, the actor who will play Kunta Kinte in the television special based on Roots.

Haley next badgered friends and acquaintances for a list of people "academically renowned for their knowledge of African linguistics." He found his man, a Belgian, Dr. Jan Varsina, then teaching at the University of Wisconsin. After hearing Haley's "African sounds," he consulted with colleagues and concluded the words came from the Mandinka tongue, the language spoken by Mandingo people. He guessed that perhaps Kunta Kinte might have been captured near the Gambia River. Haley never had heard of it.

At Hamilton College, he located a student, Ebou Manga, from the region near the Gambia. The two men flew there and met with a small group of men familiar with their country's history. These natives told them that villages usually were named for families that had settled them centuries before and that "Kinte" was included in the names of numerous small villages.

With the help of his African friends, Haley set off for an older backcountry village to find the old men, called *gritos*, who had been trained to be "living, walking archives of oral history; some could relate their villages' histories for three days without repeating themselves." He found a *grito* who specialized in the Kinte band and sat through a two-hour recitation of "begats" before the old man said, "About the time the King's soldiers came [1767], the eldest of these four sons, Kunta, went away from his village to chop wood . . . and he was never seen again."

Writes Haley: "I sat as if I were carved of stone. My blood seemed to have congealed. This man, whose lifetime had been in this backcountry African village, had no way in the world to know that he had just echoed what I had heard all through my boyhood years on my grandma's front porch, in Henning, Tennessee . . . of an African who always had insisted that his name was 'Kin-tay'; who had called a guitar a 'ko' and a river within the state of Virginia, 'Kamby Bolongo'; and who had been kidnapped into slavery while not far from his village, chopping wood to make himself a drum."

Haley then trekked to the village of his ancestor. "I guess we had moved a third of the way through the village when it suddenly registered in my brain what they were all crying out . . . the wizened, robed elders and younger men, the mothers and the naked tar-black children, they were all waving up at me; their expressions buoy-

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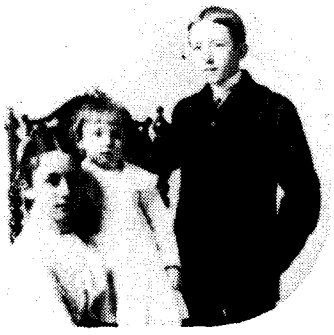
A "BEGUILING" MEMOIR...

Through her marvelous memory, Laura Benét recounts her childhood with her brothers, William Rose and Stephen Vincent Benét. There are treasured family photographs throughout, many never before published.

*Publishers Weekly**



WHEN WILLIAM ROSE, STEPHEN VINCENT AND I WERE YOUNG

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ant, beaming, all were crying out together, *'Meester Kinte! Meester Kinte!'*

"Let me tell you something: I am a man. A sob hit me somewhere around my ankles; it came surging upward, and flinging my hands over my face, I was just bawling as I hadn't since I was a baby. *'Meester Kinte!'* I just felt like I was weeping for all of history's incredible atrocities against fellowmen, which seems to be mankind's greatest flaw. . . ."

Modernist that he is, Haley set about to reconcile available documents with the old *grito*'s (and his African ancestor's) oral history. From English maritime records, he found that on July 5, 1767 ("The year the King's soldiers came"), a ship named *Lord Ligonier*, captained by Thomas E. Davies, had sailed from the Gambia River. Haley's heart must have leaped as he saw her destination: Annapolis, Md. (The family tale had it that Kunta Kinte had landed at a place in America he called "Napplis.")

Back in America, Haley learned that the ship had cleared the Port of Annapolis on September 29, 1767. What had its cargo been? If slaves, Haley would be certain he had found the ship on which his ancestor had been shanghaied. In Annapolis, at the Hall of Records, he found a copy of the Maryland *Gazette* of October 1, 1767, and discovered there an advertisement in antique typeface: "JUST IMPORTED, in the ship *Lord Ligonier*, Capt. Davies, from the River Gambia, in Africa, and to be sold by the subscribers, in Annapolis, for cash, or good bills of exchange on Wednesday the 7th of October next, A Cargo of CHOICE HEALTHY SLAVES. . . ."

Haley writes, "On September 29, 1967, I felt I should be nowhere else in the world except standing on a pier at Annapolis—and I was; it was 200 years, to the day, after the *Lord Ligonier* had landed. Staring out to seaward across those waters over which my great-great-great-great-grandfather had been brought, again I found myself weeping."

Haley would go on to learn much more: the entire cargo of the *Lord Ligonier* (ivory tusks, beeswax, raw cotton, two pounds of Gambian gold, and ninety-eight Negroes). He also would learn the ship had sailed with 140 slaves in her hold: "Her loss of forty-two Africans en route, or around one third, was average for slaving voyages." He searched census records, newspapers, and history books to add to his knowledge of what had happened to the descendants of Kunta Kinte and, of course, he learned much about the times in the process.

Kunta Kinte was a proud and stubborn man. Had Alex Haley not inherited those characteristics, then probably he would have been unable to sustain his prodigious effort or to endure the pain he suffered to produce this fine book. ◉

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The Devil in the Flesh

Adolf Hitler
by John Toland
Doubleday, 1,056 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by W. Warren Wagar

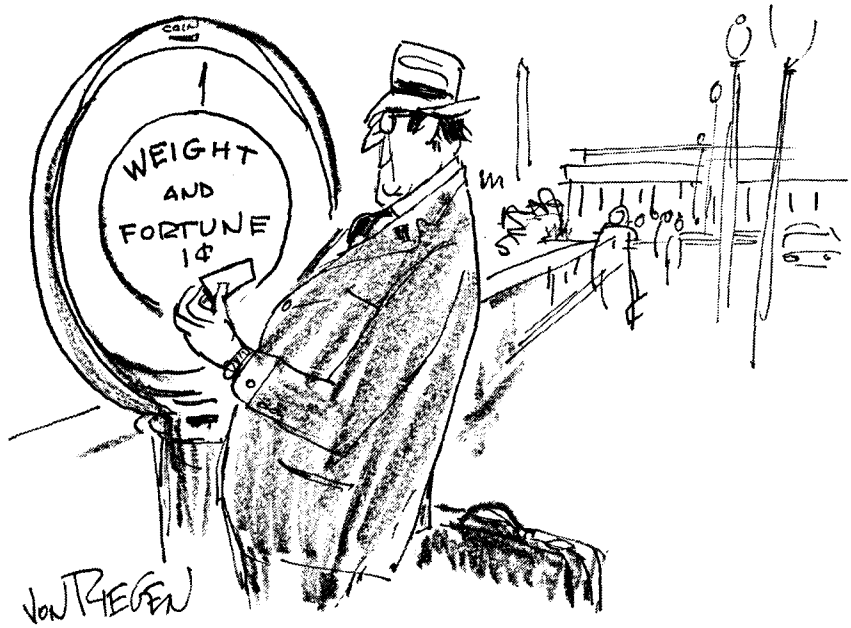
THE genius of the biblical myths of Satan and the Antichrist is revealed not so much in the routine frightfulness of these fabulous beings as in their approaches to goodness. Satan was a prince of darkness, but a prince; a fallen angel, but an angel. His earthly incarnation, Antichrist, was a false prophet, but a prophet; an inverted Christ, but a Christ. The archetypes even of absolute evil can seem great and good. Worse yet, they are God's creatures, made in his image, partaking of the same divine substance as all other natural and supernatural entities.

Translated into secular terms, the biblical view of evil says simply that all "devil theories" are nonsense, that men and women are limited, that the worst are also good, and the best also bad. This is the point of departure of John Toland's new biography of the twentieth century's worst man, Adolf Hitler. Quoting Graham Greene's observation that "the most vicious men have sometimes narrowly evaded sanctity," he presents Hitler as a flawed German edition of Joan of Arc, a leader cherished by millions, who, if he had died eight years earlier than he did, "would undoubtedly have gone down as one of the greatest figures in German history." The Führer had revitalized a collapsing economy and, in exchange for the destruction of civil liberties, had forged a socially and psychologically unified nation. The Reichstag elections of November, 1933, which gave the Nazis 92 percent of the vote, were, according to Toland, "a true barometer of German feeling." The German people loved Adolf Hitler. "They needed no whip to follow a Siegfried who was bringing them out of economic depression and wiping out the dishonor of Versailles."

Nor was the social reformer of the mid-1930s the only Hitler with admirable qualities, in Toland's evaluation. There was also Hitler the brave and respected comrade at the front lines during the world war, Hitler the struggling politician earnestly dedicated to the salvation of Germany in the 1920s, Hitler the beloved of many women and children and the good friend of many men and dogs. His domestic life was, on the whole, remarkably simple and wholesome for a bachelor in his situation. Toland does not exploit the sensational rumors about Hitler's alleged sexual perversions. He does not credit the Russian report that the Führer of all the Germans went through life with one testicle, and he finds unconvincing the story that Hitler's paternal grandfather was a wealthy Jewish merchant who had seduced his grandmother when she was a maid in his household. To fathom the evil in Hitler's mind, one would have to do much more than ferret out the facts of his life.

In-depth analysis, however, is not what Toland seeks to provide. As he freely admits in his foreword, "My book has no thesis." References to positive aspects of Hitler's personality are balanced, more or less, by references to negative ones. Toland has not set out to rehabilitate the man or to denounce him. He shrinks even from the attempt to explain him. There are no luminous new interpretations of Hitler's character or policies. *Adolf Hitler* is a conventional narrative history rendered in sturdy, if unexceptional, prose and is based on years of careful research.

To prepare himself, Toland explored a fair proportion of the relevant published books and unpublished documentary evidence. He worked in fifteen archives in four countries. He interviewed more than 130 persons, not to mention many others consulted for his earlier work on the end of World War II, *The Last 100 Days* (1966). The people he talked to, who ranged from generals and diplomats to some of Hitler's closest friends and attendants, gave him much previously unpublished information about Hitler, although most of it adds only to the color of the narrative and not to its structure. Approximately one-tenth of the references cited in the notes are to interviews taped by the author. The tapes themselves are now stored for safekeeping in the Library of Congress. *Continued on next page*



"Don't believe the polls. You will be re-elected."

W. Warren Wagar, professor of history at SUNY at Binghamton, held a senior fellowship last year from the National Endowment for the Humanities to undertake a study of modern visions of the world's end.

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The road to "Götterdämmerung." At top left, the political outsider, Munich, 1924. Continuing counterclockwise, Germany's new Chancellor with President Hindenburg and Field Marshal Göring, 1933. The Nuremberg rallies of 1938 (below) and 1934 (above). Finally (top right), the supreme commander shortly before the fall.

Other photographs: Keystone

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Whatever value Toland's biography has, therefore, resides chiefly in the virtues of its author as an accurate and indefatigable storyteller. At this level, he serves his readers well. He furnishes compelling narratives of the moments of highest drama in Hitler's career, such as the putsch in Bavaria, in 1923, which rates a full chapter. He attends ably to the romantic spectacles of the Third Reich, such as the events documented in superb films by Leni Riefenstahl, the Nuremberg Party Day Congress of 1934, and the 1936 Berlin Olympics. There are hundreds of chatty anecdotes and odd glimpses into Hitler's life that help to give him a human, if often unpleasing, face.

So we have young Adolf the free-lance artist working quietly in a hostel for needy men in Vienna, bent over the desk in the hostel's writing room that his fellow lodgers always respectfully saved for him and the same Adolf, now a rising provincial politician in Munich, confiding to an acquaintance that when he comes to power, he will hang every Jew in Germany and let the corpses twist and turn until they stink. Helene Hanfstaengl, the beautiful American wife of Hitler's pianist, Putzi, watches Hitler croon over her baby daughter and amuse her little boy with imitations of howitzers. Then, in a private moment, the orphaned Führer, just released from Landsberg prison, lays his head in her lap and sighs, "If only I had someone to take care of me." Equally revealing is a scene with Helene's husband, when the Harvard-educated Putzi proposes that Hitler take three or four months to tour the world. Hitler, who never traveled outside Austria and Germany except in the wake of his own conquering armies, snorts that he has nothing to learn from foreigners.

The vignettes continue, almost without end, in this vast book. We meet William Patrick Hitler, the dictator's Anglo-American nephew. Riefenstahl stamps her foot and shouts at the Führer when he demands that she revise her film of the Party Day. Sir Oswald Mosley is treated with "a gentle, almost feminine charm" by his host, Adolf Hitler, at a luncheon in Munich. Eva Braun reacts to news of the German invasion of Poland by whispering to her sister, "This means war, Ilse, and he'll leave—what will become of me?"

There are also many larger moments. Toland does not forget to include a tableau of naked Jews silently filing into the gas chambers of Belzec and Treblinka. Eleven chapters chronicle Hitler's war, with appropriate special attention to the apocalyptic events on the all-important Eastern front. The most telling single anecdote is perhaps the wartime conversation at the Führer's military headquarters in East Prussia between Hitler and Peter Kleist, of the German foreign office. Kleist pleads with Hitler to pursue a lenient policy toward the conquered peoples of the USSR, and Hitler replies violently: "I cannot forget the future for the sake of a few momentary successes." In 100 years there will be 120 million Germans, and "for that population, I need empty space." The killing of Slavs who would have gladly collaborated with the Reich went on unchecked. It was the sort of cosmic folly that leads inexorably to nemesis. It was also the quintessential Hitler, the dreamer driven by visions of the future that he was powerless to resist.

BUT Toland's biography, for all its riches, is by no means the equal of works by two distinguished predecessors, Alan Bullock (1953) and Joachim C. Fest (1973). Toland not only refuses to analyze his materials in depth but he also has the annoying habit of seeming to take them at face value. Although he is reasonably scrupulous in his selection of sources, he seldom questions or probes what they have to say. A good example is his repetition of several stories told to Nerin E. Gun and published in Gun's undocumented biography of Eva Braun, stories about Hitler's relations with women that deserve, at the very least, to be handled with extreme caution. Gun himself showed more restraint. Close comparison of the same episodes in Hitler's life as treated by Bullock or Fest and by Toland almost always yields the same result: Bullock and Fest deal with materials in a critical, questioning spirit that challenges thought. Toland simply tells a dramatic story.

To get beneath the macabre and yet often banal surface of Hitler's life requires the service of three disciplines that Toland, in his single-minded pursuit of the facts, almost entirely ignores. It requires socio-economic analysis, psychoanalysis, and the insights of intellectual history. The naive description of Chancellor Hitler as a social leveler, for example, needs to be corrected by the findings of important studies like David Schoenbaum's *Hitler's Social Revolution* (1966), which makes no appearance in Toland's bibliography. The puzzle of Hitler's personality is insoluble without massive help from psychoanalytic concepts of the kind already provided by Walter C. Langer and others.

"He did more than any other Western politician of his time to accelerate the pace of socio-economic change."

Major psychobiographical studies forthcoming from Rudolph Binion and Robert G. L. Waite should soon throw significant new light on the lower depths of Hitler's psyche. Finally, Toland gives little attention to the sources of Hitler's thought in nineteenth-century Austro-German culture. More than any other modern statesman of the capitalist world, Adolf Hitler was a creature of his ideas; what can be done in this area is amply demonstrated by the invaluable works of Ernst Nolte, Friedrich Heer, Eberhard Jäckel, and Werner Maser.

One can, at any rate, be sure that books on Hitler will continue to pour forth. So they should. The Third Reich was a dead end, and Hitler was a ridiculous anachronism. Yet in spite of his reactionary visions, he did more than any other Western politician of his time to accelerate the pace of socio-economic change in Germany and in the modern world in general. Through the chiefly unintended effects of his policies and through all that his wars destroyed, he put his stamp on the future of humanity.

Albert Speer tells Fest that Hitler's favorite operatic scene was the finale of *Götterdämmerung*. "In Bayreuth, whenever the citadel of the gods collapsed in flames amid musical uproar, he would reach out into the darkness of the box, take the hand of Frau Winifred Wagner [the composer's daughter-in-law], who was sitting behind him, and breathe a deeply moved *Handkuss* upon it." The fiery death of Hitler and his immediate entourage, in Berlin, is often compared to the scene in Wagner. But what also went into the flames in 1945, when the Allied armies finished their conquest of the Third Reich, was the half-feudal order of old Europe. The climactic jest of Hitler's career is that a criminal psychopath who hated almost everything about the modern industrial world helped complete the transition to bourgeois rule in Western Europe and make certain the first socialist regimes, apart from Soviet Russia, in Eastern Europe. No one better illustrates the dark truth of the Latin tag enjoyed by Oswald Spengler: *Ducunt Fata volentem, nolentem trahunt* ("the Fates lead the willing man; the unwilling, they drag"). ◉

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This Side of Canterbury

Now Playing at Canterbury
by Vance Bourjaily
Dial, 518 pp., $10

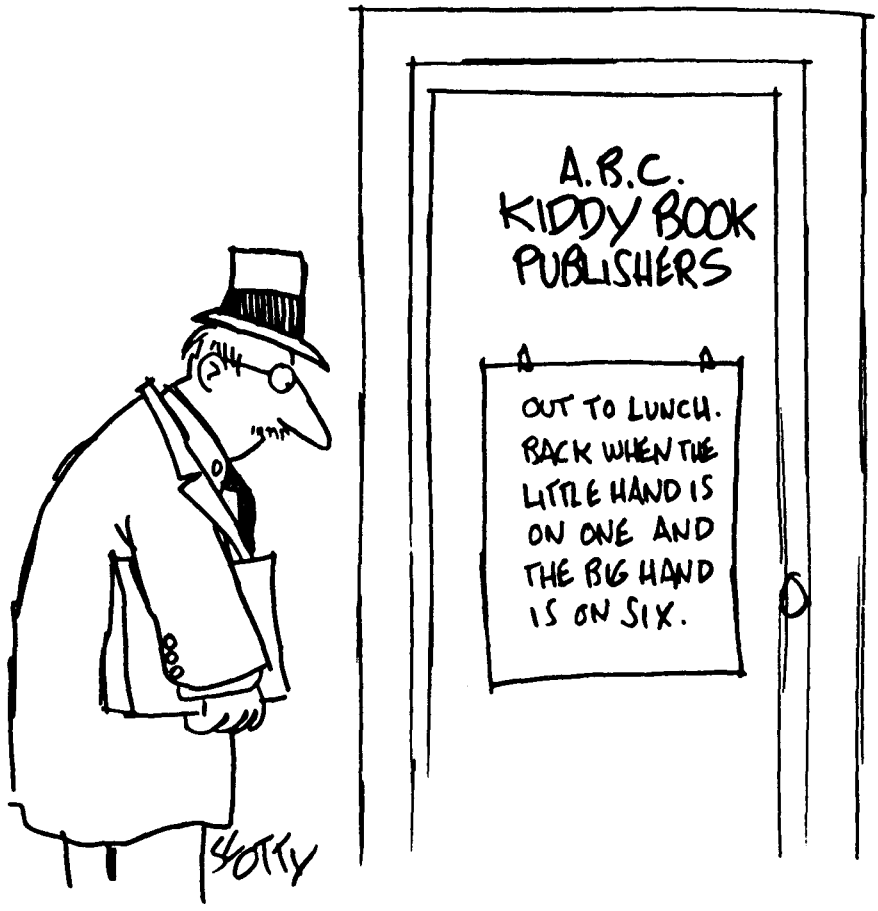
Reviewed by Stanley Kauffmann

IN THIS novel a professor of English, conducting a seminar on Fitzgerald, admonishes his students: "And remember, the form itself, the novel as an American expression shaped to the times, wasn't all laid out for him as it might be for one of you. It still had to be developed." One can easily argue with this proposition (Melville and Hawthorne and Mark Twain and Crane floundered for form? Were inexpressive of their times?), but it helps to explain Vance Bourjaily's view of his own work. For thirty post-Fitzgerald years, Bourjaily has been publishing novels that have tried hard for contemporary expression and that have relied on the belief that Fitzgerald, along with Hemingway, laid out the forms—more specifically, the available styles.

For the past twelve of those thirty years, Bourjaily has been working on *Now Playing at Canterbury*. One sees by the title that his model here is not American, and he underscores that fact by writing fourteen pages of the book in Chaucerian verse. Presumably he knows Nevill Coghill's comment that the Prologue of *The Canterbury Tales* "is the concise portrait of an entire nation," and Bourjaily has moved from that idea to make his group of tales a less concise portrait of a much larger nation. But even though the armature of the book derives from fourteenth-century England, the styles are still the styles of Bourjaily—the skimming of Fitzgerald, the long march with Hemingway.

His Canterbury is State University, in State City, in the Midwest. (Bourjaily has taught for many years at the University of Iowa.) Not all of the many characters who tell their tales in the course of the book are literal pilgrims to the place; some of them live and work there, but they are all brought together by one event—the first production of an opera written by two teachers at the university. Bourjaily tells us, in a prefatory note, that the opera really exists, although the composer in the novel is a fictitious character. He doesn't bother to mention whether he himself was the author of the libretto, which is ascribed to the English professor in the novel itself. (The complete libretto crops up in the novel—a thin, ironic melodrama.)

Besides the composer and librettist, the lighting designer and some of the singers are faculty members. Other singers are local people. To State City, for the occasion, come the principal singers, a famous young Japanese-American conductor, and the stage director.



AS IN *The Canterbury Tales*, the book deals predominantly with the past lives of its many characters. Relatively little of consequence happens in the present other than a surprising stand of honor by the seedy little vagabond stage director. Past lives are usually recounted in first-person narratives, again as in the *Tales*, and deal with a cross section of major moral-social evolutions in the last twenty years, with such salient social-political issues as racism, Vietnam, and student radicalism. Taken together, these narratives, in their "present" context, are the purpose of the book—again as in the *Tales*: they are intended to provide an overview of and an insight into America weaving through the recent past into the future. (First line of the book: "Here we go." Last line: "There we go.") But the book falls into a familiar pitfall of American novelistic gigantism: Bourjaily thinks that by presenting a *lot* of experience, he is deepening our perception of it. I doubt that many readers will find their knowl-

Stanley Kauffmann is the film and theater critic of The New Republic. *His latest book is* Persons of the Drama.

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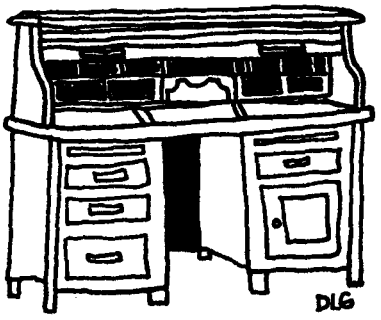
edge or understanding of contemporary matters much enlarged by winding along through the elaborate schema of this long novel.

Still, Bourjaily merits discussion if only because he is one of the last of a literary line. To examine his new book is to discern something of the changes in American writing in the last thirty years—a probably unwitting statement that he has made on his theme of "expression shaped to the times." Bourjaily's first novel, *The End of My Life*, published in 1947, deals mainly with an American who volunteered for the British ambulance corps during World War II and served in the Middle East. In the year of its appearance, it seemed to me a patent but moderately gifted attempt to continue the literary service that Hemingway had done to World War I, and it was interesting for that very reason. Hemingway's terse style and "doomed" tone seemed fitting to a young author after a much different war: *The End of My Life* seemed to say something about and to the author's contemporaries, as if its mannerisms at least provided a way to deal with experience in a relatively barren time. Looking through the book again before reading this new one, I could see only the mannerisms, no residual pertinence. This wouldn't matter, obviously, except that the mannerisms persist in this new book. And even that wouldn't matter if those mannerisms seemed truly *his*, ingested and controlled, pliant and directly mediative.

But the genuinely shocking point is that, after all this time, after seven intervening books (including a novel longer than this new one), Bourjaily's style still seems merely imitative and therefore stagnant. There are patches of lyricism that seem to have filtered down through several carbon copies of Fitzgerald, such as his description of the conductor at the premiere: "He is . . . neither man nor musician but seventy-eight instruments. . . . His mouth is reeds and mouthpieces, his skin tympani, his bones cymbals, glocks, and triangles." Most of the dialogue is so slavishly Hemingway as almost to be parody—clenched-teeth, we-happy-few-who-understand-one-another stuff. (Plenty of examples, but to represent adequately one of those telegraph-message exchanges would take up too much space.) Bourjaily's one personal contribution to style, as in his first novel, is recurrent undergraduate facetiousness. A woman in bed asks her lover to pass the champagne, and he says, "It's flat, I'm afraid." She says, "Such a dear, skeptical Columbus, oh, I'm sure it's round." (Matters are worse when, from time to time, Bourjaily seems embarrassed by the feeble jokes and treats them as if they were the characters' and not his.)



Now this assortment of devices, besides the artistic inadequacy, has the added burden of seeming passé. I can't think of a serious novelist under fifty who suffers from these particular defects. It's not a question of fashion-mongering, of maintaining that Bourjaily would be better if his stylistic model were Pynchon or Percy, Barth or Barthelme. The issue is a style that began as overt imitation and has remained overt imitation through thirty years, and it's the overt imitativeness itself that dates it. The English professor in this novel fulminates against the word "generation" as not being a true critical term. Perhaps not, but it is a historical one; and when Bourjaily describes student radical protests and drug busts of the 1960s in a style that evolved in the 1920s and gives us only worn mimesis of that style, the effect is that of a middle-aged TV performer using rock jargon.

The dated quality is abetted by the loads of facts, of two kinds, that are dumped frequently on these pages. First, "manly" facts. For decades it was thought that details of occupation and milieu, hard and "real," would legitimate fiction in a country that had, or assumed it had, a pragmatic temperament. We had a range of "professional" novels about every kind of occupation from soldiering to literary agenting and beyond, and when they weren't loaded with details of a profession, they were loaded with details about guns or boats or bullfights or anything else that proved the author was not a mere writer. Bourjaily serves up a great deal about automobiles and tennis and the preparation of animal testicles as human food and much, much more.

The second kind of fact is interwoven. He splices in (as Hemingway did) culture material to show he's no mere brute: encyclopedia tours, for example, of Haydn, Adolphe Appia, operatic *castrati* (a quite different view of the testicle). These two-

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fold displays of data, which lie on the book like undelivered freight, reflect kinds of ambition and uneasiness that don't afflict writers any longer. They underscore the feeling that, despite its subject matter, this novel is at least twenty-five years old, that its author is a stubborn survivor.

I won't dwell on the tricks in the book. The Chaucer imitation is only one. There is much typographical horseplay. There are letters reproduced (supposedly) in the handwritings of the senders. There are many, many pages of comic-strip balloons in which the tale of the Japanese-American is given. (I assume that this device—meant to suggest *The Green Hornet*?—is to let a pop form comment sardonically on popular race prejudice.) The effect of all this razzmatazz is only to weaken characterizations that smell of glue anyway.

Still, in criticizing Bourjaily—or almost anyone else, for that matter—one must avoid the implication of reproof, as if he were just being naughty, as if he could see deeper and write better if only he would try. On the contrary, this new book shows again how hard he is trying. His trouble is not—certainly not—sloth or triviality of intent but simply an insufficient talent still mired in its first adorations. One chapter, called "Fitzgerald Attends My Fitzgerald Seminar," epitomizes this book. It begins promisingly as the dead author, unseen by anyone but the teacher, enters and seats himself. But the idea is not used to any purpose; it's just a gimmick on which to hang commonplace material. The whole novel, under its Chaucerian blazon, suffers the same way as that chapter. The title and the idea are the best things about it. ◉

Wit Twister No. 80
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 60.

These men, whose __ __ __ __ __ have stirred the bards to song,

Were by the __ __ __ __ __ led laughingly along

To this grim __ __ __ __ __ in this high-vaulted room

Where, poisoned, they sprawl gasping in the gloom. A. S.

Books

A Double Life

Lady Oracle
by Margaret Atwood
Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Doris Grumbach

Margaret Atwood is a talented Canadian poet, critic, and novelist. In her new novel, under enthusiastic notice here, she shows herself to us as a skilled maker of funny-sad, inventive, and touching fiction. American readers may remember her second novel, *Surfacing* (1972), an impressive work in which her themes of disappearance and of death by water and consequent surfacing —almost resurrection—first appear. Here, too, we first discover that the "I" in her novels must find herself by uncovering her past (her father, her mother, her own other, buried self) and that the persona must, as well, metamorphose into other persons to escape the self, to become her own fantasy.

The nightmarish vision that opens *Lady Oracle* makes us think we are back in *Surfacing*. Atwood's heroine, Joan Foster, who is also Louisa K. Delacourt, is standing on a balcony of a room in Rome, looking down: "There at the level of my ankles and only three feet away, floated an old man's head, topped by a raveling straw hat. The whitish eyes stared at me with either alarm or disapproval; the mouth, caved in over the gums, was open at one side." But the vision is only an introductory hallucination, a minor turnabout of the reality, which is an old man watering artichokes on a terrace below the house.

Joan-Louisa is a schizophrenic duality who writes Gothic novels, under her dead aunt's name (Delacourt), and now, quite by accident, has produced a "serious" novel, *Lady Oracle*. Because of a series of mishaps—with her husband, Arthur; her friends Sam and Marlene; with her resurrected lover, the Polish count Paul (who himself writes pulps under the fine, unlikely name of Mavis Quilp)—Joan-Lousia is forced to die (or *thinks* she is). She appears to have committed suicide in order to drown her beleaguered self, who is being blackmailed and beset with insoluble personal conflicts. This "drowned" self is a second self, metamorphosed: her mother had, in a visionary moment, named her for Joan Crawford. This is another hereditary self. At the end, she considers shedding skin again. She wonders if she might have been named for the burned saint of Arc, so vivid is her sense of what the irate Italians might do to her.

The novel's core is this death-into-life of the heroine's first self. It would perhaps be academic to note that almost all the characters in her life—the lady spiritualist, the series of weak and exploitive men, the female friend of her childhood, her mother—have similar life-death-resurrection cycles. They appear in her childhood, disappear, and then return in her adult life, resurrecting in her memory the fat-child self of her compulsively eating, bulbous youth:

> This was the beginning of my double life. But hadn't my life always been double? There had always been that shadowy twin, thin when I was fat, fat when I was thin, myself in silvery negative, with dark teeth and shining white pupils glowing in the black sunlight of that other world.

Even Bite-a-Bit, the restaurant where Joan works as a fat girl, returns in a different guise. And when her mother dies, she hangs about her daughter's neck "like a rotting albatross" and reappears, again and again, in dreams and fantasies. Joan thinks that her mother has "never really let go of me because I had never let her go." While I do not wish to emphasize the importance of the theme of resurfacing to the neglect of what is a finely conceived series of humorous portraits of both persons and contemporary culture,

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the theme, nonetheless, sits in the very heart of the matter.

For all of her childhood, Joan has been grotesquely fat. (At dancing school she is forced to give up her role as a dancing tulip and is turned into a figure of fun as a dancing mothball.) Her Aunt Lou leaves her some money, at one point, on the proviso that Joan lose weight. She effects the weight loss, shedding the old self, only to fear, once she is grown, that the fat lady under the shriveled new surface will be remembered by someone. She worries, too, that her husband will find out that she writes Gothic novels and think less of her and that the readers of her Gothics will discover she has written a serious book.

While all this is going on, Joan has some wonderfully funny sexual experiences, which remind me of episodes in Lisa Alther's recent *Kinflicks*. The two books, I hasten to add, are in every other sense totally dissimilar—different in intent, in intensity (Atwood is serious, Alther most often is not), and in performance. But the tone in which they treat love, especially the physical manifestations of it—sex and sexual passion—has not been captured so well and so humorously since Mary McCarthy's early novels and short stories and the recent work of Alison Lurie. Margaret Atwood's heroine is distrustful of love:

> Love was merely a tool, smiles were another tool, they were both just tools for accomplishing certain ends. No magic, merely chemicals. . . . At that moment it seemed to me impossible that anyone could really love anyone, or if they could, that anything lasting or fine could come of it. Love was the pursuit of shadows . . .

A tangential resemblance to *Kinflicks*'s use of funny detail occurs often. An artist-lover known to Joan at first as "The Royal Porcupine" had "heard from one of his friends, also a con-create artist, that if you got a string of Christmas tree lights, plugged it in, unscrewed one of the lights, and stuck your finger in the socket at the moment of ejaculation, not only you but your partner would have the greatest orgasm in the world." This experiment misses catastrophe. And, as in *Kinflicks*, modern art and pop culture are both objects of satire. One of Joan's lovers buys her button boots to wear; they give her severe pains in the feet, but she still waltzes in them: "When we'd tired ourselves out, we'd go to the Kentucky Fried Chicken place on the corner and order a bucket and two Cokes. These we would eat in the warehouse. The Royal Porcupine wanted to save the chicken bones, boil them, and glue and wire them into a sculpture . . . he wanted to exhibit it at his next show. It was a terrific idea, he said."

In subtle, indirect ways *Lady Oracle* says much that will interest the feminist. Directly, however, Joan dissociates herself from the outspoken protesters:

> I felt our marriage was happier than most. I even became a little smug about it. In my opinion, most women made one basic mistake: they expected their husbands to understand them. They spent much precious time explaining

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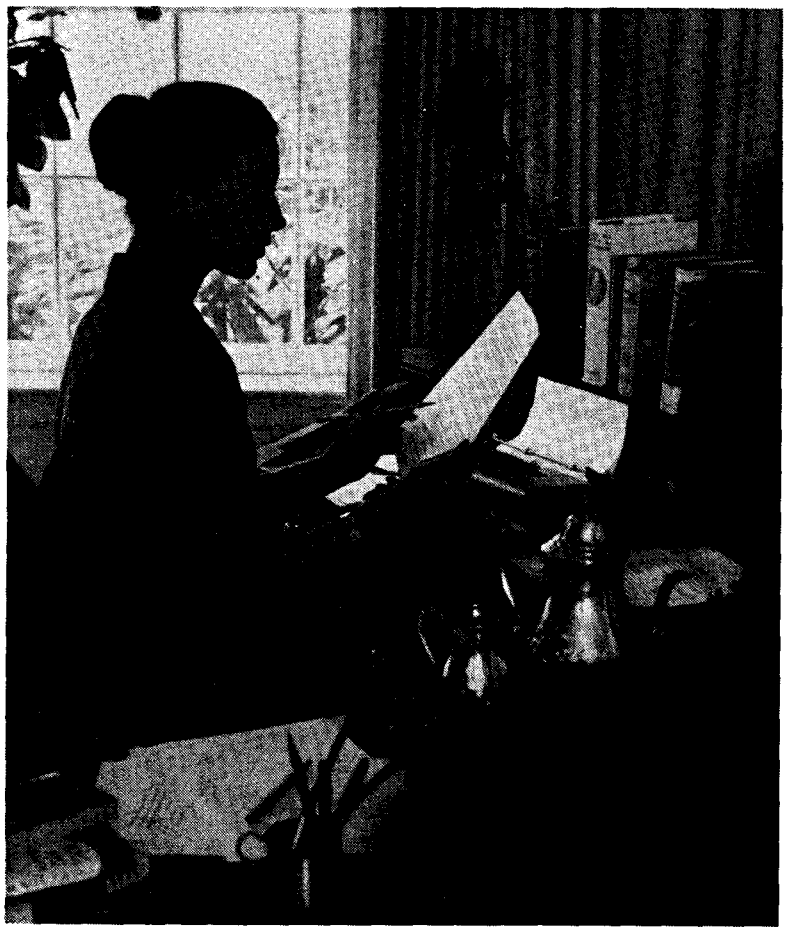

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NSLA NEWS—*New York, October 8*

Brentano's hosts NSLA Book & Author luncheon at the Lotos Club, 5 East 66th Street, 12:00 noon, October 8. Luncheon followed by discussion with Lehman Engel (*The Critics*), Roland Flamini (*Scarlett, Rhett, and a Cast of Thousands*), and Gael Greene (*Blue Skies, No Candy*).

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themselves, serving up their emotions and reactions, their love and anger and sensitivities, their demands and inadequacies, as if the mere relating of these things would get results.

There is another element worth mentioning in this wholly readable and engrossing novel: the role of the Gothic in both the real and the fantasy life of Joan-Louisa. True, she makes a living writing romances, but more significantly, the story she is currently writing (which is exactly like every Gothic novel ever written) becomes entwined with her own fate. The garden maze, into which the pallid heroine goes, and the figures she comes upon at the center of the maze are all integral to the *other* life, the old dead life, the fantasy life of Joan-Louisa. One of Atwood's most useful decisions was to provide us with whole chunks of the Gothic novel. They are accurate reproductions of the genre, humorously recreated—yet a part of the superstructure, the serious study of a young woman's psychic and physical existence.

I have the feeling, reading back over what I have said here, that I have failed to suggest the precise subtleties of *Lady Oracle*. I leave that to the reader of either sex or persuasion in the raging feminist controversy. There are many kinds of pleasure in the book, and I urge you to discover them for yourself. ◉

Books in Brief

The Doctor's Wife
by Brian Moore
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 286 pp., $8.95

The title character of Brian Moore's new, smooth-grained novel is Sheila Redden, a Belfast lady at the far lip of her thirties. While waiting in Paris for her husband, she meets and falls in love with an American graduate student ten years her junior. Not exactly mint stuff, this, and even possibly a foolish effort—to go up so unashamedly, one-on-one, with *Madame Bovary*, to mash in together one more time the thorns of dissatisfaction and the balms of place. But held aright by a quiet, carefully stiff spine much in the author's control, on the story goes: the husband, of course, is delayed; the affair puts out its breathtakingly green and doughty first leaves; their world fits like a rind around the lovers. This half of the book is the old tale, told unspectacularly.

And then comes the thud of the other shoe. For when the affair is flushed, it's to the predictable fugue of concern, protest, groans of betrayal; Mrs. Redden's heart, after its single erratic impulsive beat, turns into a general target, even for her own thoughts of suicide. Vestigial Catholicism, memories of "The Troubles" at home—these are added furies but by no means the straitjacket itself. This simple anatomy of consequence and of reaction is what Moore is after. In the manner of Greene's *The End of the Affair*, he heads straight for a single home truth: that life isn't lived on the cleanly struck note but on the lingering, usually sadder aftertones. Readers may feel that the book's undramatic, unswerving plainness is slightly too high a price to pay for what, in essence, is a fleshed-out, terminal insight. But Moore, a pro, took the risk, and, for the most part, his truth stands sturdy and effective. —ROSS FELD

Paul Tillich: His Life & Thought
Volume I: Life
by Wilhelm and Marion Pauck
Harper & Row, 226 pp., $15

Undoubtedly the best approach to this alert biographical study of a man commonly held to have been, with Reinhold Niebuhr and Karl Barth, the dominant Protestant theologian of this century is via an acquaintance with his writings—if not his masterwork, *Systematic Theology*, then perhaps something more popular, like *The Courage to Be*. So much of his life was in his thought.

Tillich's European career, which saw him rise steadily through prestigious German universities, was interrupted by his shattering experiences as a chaplain in the Kaiser's army in World War I and was abruptly ended, in 1933, by Hitler and his own conscience. The American phase of his work, which began when he was in his late forties and was enriched by his association with Union Theological Seminary, Columbia, and Harvard, was topped with his gaining belated world fame. He was a paradoxical figure, impossible to define. Pre-eminently he was a theological frontiersman who, probing the boundaries of theology and metaphysics, incorporated into his "system" his insights into existentialism, psychoanalysis, and Greek thought. He admired women and was deeply appreciative of nature and art; his writing could be imaginative or, as some

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considered, impossibly abstract. As a teacher, by all accounts, he was charismatic. Yet this great interpreter of Christianity to an anxious age was anxious himself and painfully aware of life's ambiguities. He was nagged by self-doubt and was avid for praise (but too honest to be appeased by it). These are some of the things that make him attractive.

The present book, based on intimate knowledge of Tillich's life, is a trifle pedestrian at times, but there's an astringent quality to its judgments that bodes well for Volume II. It may well prove the aperitif to a feast. —PETER GARDNER

Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* Letters 1936–1949
Edited by Richard Harwell
Macmillan, 308 pp., $12.95

WHEN *Gone With the Wind* was published, in 1936, an entire generation of readers strained for a seventeen-inch waist like Scarlett's. The sales of the novel broke publishing records, and the South proudly shared in the literary acclaim. So intimately did Southerners identify with *GWTW* that Atlanta's citizens rose up in near riot when the film's premiere was scheduled for another city. Incensed at this snub, Atlanta's mayor announced to the press that "this was the worst outrage since Sherman burned the town."

As the novelist who had stirred up all these extravagant emotions, Margaret Mitchell settled back as a permanent celebrity. In these letters, which begin with the publication of *GWTW* and end with her death, in 1949, Mitchell mixes delight at the reception of her book with coy chagrin for all the embarrassing attention. She scrupulously writes to every favorable reviewer but affects shock at their praise, posing as just another semiliterate Southern belle who has somehow dashed off a novel in between mint juleps under the magnolias. Mitchell confesses to a correspondent who compares *GWTW* to Tolstoy that she has always found the Russian writers a mite difficult. But she dutifully promises to read *War and Peace*, "if it takes me a month." When attacked for inaccuracies of history or dialect, however, she can rise briskly to her own defense with lists of the references and the interviews that went into the research for *GWTW*.

Only later, when the publicity succeeds too well in obliterating her privacy, does the dismay sound genuine. And while the burdens of fame are too amply detailed in these letters, the glimpses of the South's intrusive, warm, maddening social life considerably brighten them.

—PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM

Bear
by Marian Engel
Atheneum, 141 pp., $6.95

DESPITE an output of seven books over the last eight years, Canadian novelist Marian Engel has failed to achieve the same recognition here as she has at home. Her present work is an ambitious novelette about a woman archivist who is sent to a remote island in northern Canada to examine and catalog the bequest of an eccentric old aristocrat. A repressed, self-defeating spinster, the heroine begins an exploration, which soon turns inward. By the end of the book she has undergone a complete rebirth. In the interim, Engel enriches her simple story with judicious dabs of local color, effective strokes of naturalistic description, a cleverly interpolated subplot about a flamboyant ancestor of the aristocrat, and some interesting scraps of English literary history.

With so many layers and levels to work with, it is a pity that Engel molded them around such a grotesque conception: the heroine's erotic communion with a bear. From the moment the lonely, unfulfilled researcher announces "I love you, bear," to a pet she has found, her behavior becomes too extreme and too implausible to be read without snickering. A few years ago we had a play about a man who loves his pig (Rochelle Owens's *Futz!*), and there, as here, bestiality is treated with such clinging, cloying affirmation that it generates more bathos than disgust. In the strictly zoological passages, Engel handles her ursine creation quite well, but when he becomes an accommodating lover —indeed, the very embodiment of masculinity—one begins to pray for a forest fire. Since Engel has undeniable talent, perhaps we can hope for something better the next time out. —ROBERT F. MOSS

The Fall and Other Stories
by Grigori Gerenstein
Translated by Antonia W. Bouis
Harper & Row, 142 pp., $7.95

THE writer of this collection of short stories, a young Russian Jew now living in Israel, recalls his native land with a bitter aftertaste. In the first story, "Strange Kike," a beautiful boy-child, who sings to sad old ladies and nibbles love like strudel, makes his acquaintance with some harsh facts of life in a police

"Whatever you do, don't ask her what she's been doing for the last ten years."

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state. Anti-Semitism, censorship, and an atmosphere rank with corruption and terror drag him roughly toward a crippled manhood. Worst of all is the knowledge that survival requires a kind of cannibalism—brother feeding on brother. In "Aunt Lena," the old aunt, whose husband was denounced and sent to Siberia by his brother, gapes toothlessly at her nephew: "You have it good. An apartment. Plenty to eat. Peace and quiet. Somebody used my brains to make soup."

Gerenstein has the nerve endings of the vulnerable loner: a child straining to understand his parents' whispered conversations, a Jew trembling at a midnight knock, a man sitting in a "room so small I never have visitors." His weave of the woof of reality into the warp of hallucination and his call for all-embracing love is born out of a despair at human communication. But the author's sensibility does not end with the agony of innocents, for his real landscape is the inner vision. His language is textured with a lush tropicality of the senses and the lyric dreams of an artist and madman.

These stories cannot be skimmed. The casual reader is likely to wind up frustrated and confused. Gerenstein's writing holds the nourishment and pungency of good marrow. Those who have the patience to probe them with the mind's tongue will find much to savor.

—SUSAN HOROWITZ

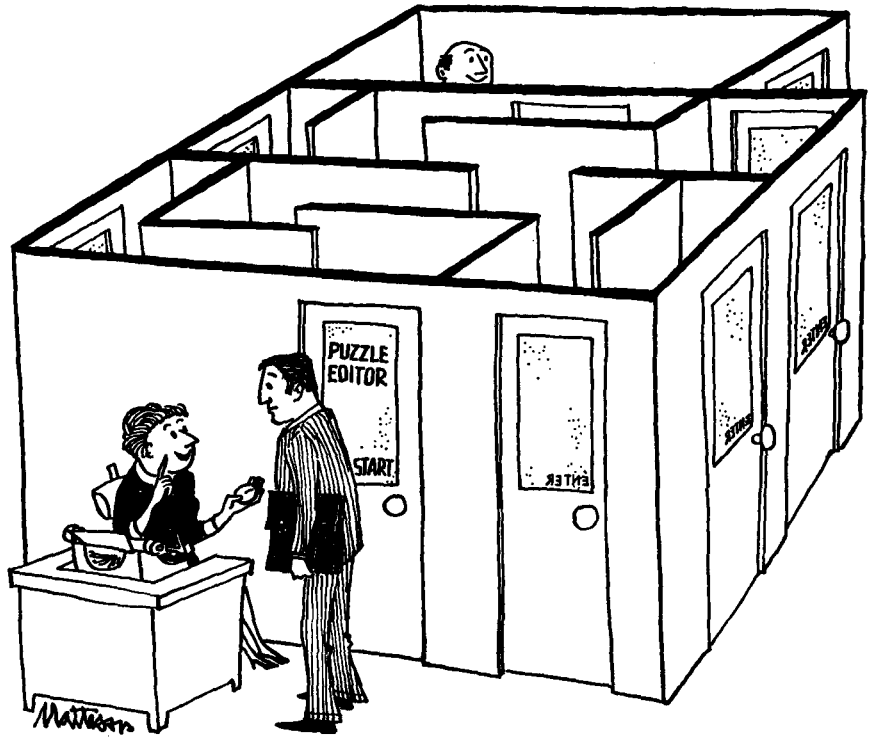
Earth Angels: Portraits from Childhood and Youth
by Susan Cahill
Harper & Row, 206 pp., $8.95

SUSAN CAHILL's account of a Catholic girlhood in Queens, N.Y., and environs, though ambitious and appealing, is ultimately a disappointing attempt to fuse the large themes of repression, adolescence, and the contemplative versus the worldly life. The heroine, Martha Girlinghausen, despite an exuberant and rebellious nature, enters (incomprehensibly) a convent, where she predictably remains for only a brief and trying period: the nuns' petty fears and rigidities as well as their indifference to national crisis (civil-rights massacres, Kennedy's assassination) shock her sense of reality.

Some episodes are skillfully rendered—the warmth of family feeling, the impersonal, hilarious sexual gropings of 1950s teenagers—and Martha herself is forthright and likable. But the center of *Earth Angels* is missing. The crucial issues are only indicated; they're not sufficiently probed: the deep attractions of a religious vocation, the ambiguous role of the Church amid national strife, the dilemma of a naive young woman who craves both moral commitment and personal freedom.

Like many tales detailing the passage from youth to maturity, *Earth Angels* opens with a child's sensual, baldly stated recollections. One anticipates that the flat, colloquial language, effective for short spells, will grow more varied and complex as the heroine develops. Unfortunately the style never achieves the richness and density needed to render adult experience, and so the drama of Martha's search remains superficial.

—LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ



"Mr. Middleton will see you if you can locate him within three minutes."

The Takeover
by Muriel Spark
Viking, 266 pp., $8.95

MURIEL SPARK departs from her miniaturist vision to try a "big" book, and the strain shows. *The Takeover* creaks with overloaded significance—ambitious themes concerning Platonic versus sexual love and the strategy of power both secular and divine. She overuses words like myth, magic, and ritual, as though, by sheer mention, she might invoke their mysteries. With Gothic obsessiveness, she hints at tragedy, evil, and homosexuality, making her comedy of manners a curious alloy.

Spark's concept derives from Sir James Frazer's legend about the sanctuary of the goddess Diana that once stood in a sacred grove overlooking Lake Nemi—the novel's lush setting, on the outskirts of Rome. The novel's updated goddess of the hunt and fertility (the seed now is money) is the burnished American beauty Maggie Radcliffe. Suspense hinges willy-nilly upon millionairess Maggie's success or failure to evict from her villa-sanctuary the English playwright-eunuch Hubert Mallindaine, who refuses to budge.

In the course of the power struggle between Diana-Maggie and high-priest Hubert, Spark pulls off some amusing scenes. They include two opulent dinner parties, a jewel heist, a kidnapping, the forgery of Maggie's Louis XIV chairs and an original Gauguin, and an orgy at the gathering of Hubert's self-invented cult, the Brothers and Sisters of Diana and Apollo.

Spark shows flare as the impresario of high jinks, but as the orchestrator of mythic and Gothic effects with Jamesian nuance, she goes too far. It is only about halfway through the novel that she stops milking *The Golden Bough* for significance and manages to retrieve some authority. She settles down to observe character and winds up her potpourri as escape reading of an intelligent British sort.

—LINDA KUEHL

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Ebullient Poet

It is difficult to think of Richard Eberhart as an "older poet." He was born in 1904, so I guess he qualifies, but he possesses such ebullience and produces so steadily, it seems as though he has shucked off old age. These ruminations are inspired by his *Collected Poems 1930–1976* (Oxford University Press, $13.95), which contains a couple hundred poems, fifty of which are in book form for the first time. Love poems, nature poems, occasional poems. I have used "For a Lamb" in one of my anthologies of short, short poems:

I saw on the slant hill a putrid lamb,
Propped with daisies. The sleep looked deep,
The face nudged in the green pillow
But the guts were out for the crows to eat.
Where's the lamb? whose tender plaint
Said all for the mute breezes.
Say he's in the wind somewhere,
Say, there's a lamb in the daisies.

That's Sahl, Folks

Ah, Mort Sahl. There's a funny case. He seemed to have sunk out of sight for the past ten years. But now he's back, smart and sassy, popping up at clubs around the country—and with a book yet. He calls it *Heartland* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, September 30, $7.95). It's amusing, although perhaps a touch vitriolic—there are a lot of people he doesn't like. Good show-biz stuff and a string of one-liners. Have a few:

I made the mistake early in my career, when I moved to Hollywood, of being attracted to actresses. I used to go out exclusively with actresses and all other female impersonators.

We were married. We had our misunderstandings. We would have broken up except for the children. Who were the children? Well, she and I were.

I've always paid women the ultimate compliment, which is that I listened to them, whereas Schopenhauer said if women didn't have a unique anatomy, there would be a bounty on them.

You may have gathered that this book won't be a favorite among the Ms.-users of this country. Take, for example:

Women also have a great weakness that we don't have. You know, they keep saying in the Movement that they're the same as we are. But they're *not* the same. For instance, I don't think that women think about honor as anything but a weakness. Women are not romantics and have no mercy. When a woman is cold, she'll cancel you out of the human race. A nurse from the third floor of a hospital, when you call to ask about a patient who is in Intensive Care, is more personal and will give you more of her time than a woman who lived with you for five years and decided she doesn't want to any more so that she can be fulfilled.

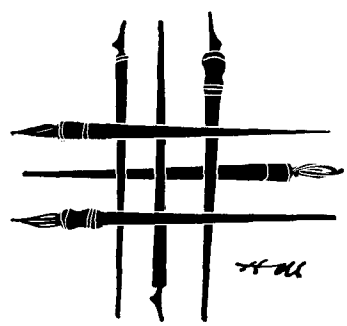
If you think that's an obsession, in the second half of the book he brings out his *real* King Charles's head—the CIA, Jim Garrison, and the conspiracy to kill Kennedy:

Well, I don't know how anybody could have any theory except one, which becomes evident: that the CIA and the Pentagon murdered the President.

And he becomes a terrible bore, belaboring his points with the seriousness of a greasy grind. Too bad; he had a pretty good book going for a while.

When the Books Pour In

September and October are the reviewer's nightmare months. The galley proofs pour in by the dozens. They pile up on the desk. I sample. I stuff a half dozen in my briefcase and take them home. What? Spy thrillers with very little Forsythe. An overflow of spew from Watergate. Experimental novels with no blood and no real people. Hollywood memoirs with the same tired old anecdotes. Ghastly ghosted autobiographies of celebrities I don't want to know more about. A shallow read about the deep. Sex novels with no arousal power. With some, I read a chapter and groan. Others have enough going for them to carry me halfway through, but then I exclaim, "What the hell am I reading this for?" and throw the galleys across the room. Like a slavish fool, I read others all the way through only to decide that there's nothing to say about them. Here's a rundown of some—good and bad—that I've read recently:



The good first. *Cutter and Bone*, by Newton Thornburg (Little, Brown, September 21, $8.95), has a couple of terrific characters: a no-good handsome womanizing dropout from the business world and a cynical, outrageous wounded Vietnam veteran, who is surely one of the most vivid characters in recent fiction. The no-good witnesses the disposal of a murdered girl's body, and the two friends set out to track down the murderer. Set in Santa Barbara—"Santa Condominia"—this is a tense, bizarre, and even likable thriller.... *Silent Witness*, by Susan Yankowitz (Knopf, just published, $7.95), is a first novel that takes seemingly unpromising material—a deaf-and-dumb middle-aged woman with not too many smarts—and moves us into a world of murder, cruelty, misunderstanding, and, surprisingly, a few rays of light. Yankowitz is, to coin a phrase, a writer to watch.

Two good writers who struck out in my opinion: George V. Higgins, whom I think of as the "he said" writer, with another unsavory book about New England police and criminals. This one has no strong plot, his people aren't all that interesting, and he rambles. It's *The Judgment of Deke Hunter* (Atlantic–Little, Brown, September 2, $8.95). Then there's the usually reliable William Goldman with *Magic* (Delacorte, September 1, $7.95). There's lots of inside stuff about magicians, a couple of dollops of horror, and a deal of violence. Generally it's a cruel book and a displeasure to read, however well crafted. . . . In *Rose Hill* (Putnam's, September 20, $9.95), the author, Reed Wolcott, takes his tape recorder and talks to the folks in a small North Carolina town. Surely they're not all as boring and humorless as he makes them. The heavy hand of the sociologist needs a little Terkeling. . . . *In a Class by Herself*, by Linda Crawford (Scribner's, 243 pp., $7.95), comes with blurbs from Gavin Lambert, Diane Johnson, and Lili Karp, who must be friends of the author. It's about an alcoholic lesbian and has little to recommend it, unless you're one. ◉

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Artsletter

AROUND THEATERS

Helping hands. Beginning next month, the Ford Foundation is undertaking a three-year program to help non-profit theaters present new American plays. Theaters eligible for grants range from resident repertory companies to experimental "storefront" ensembles. They will receive up to $7,500 for each production. According to Richard C. Sheldon, the Ford Foundation's arts man, "these companies give hundreds of writers, directors, and actors a chance to collaborate on new material. Such a process is essential to the continuing development of the theater as a serious form." . . . Proceeds from the movie sale of "A Chorus Line" are being used by the New York Shakespeare Festival—producer of the hit musical—to establish a Playwrights on the Payroll program. The fund will provide up to $200 a week for the sustenance of deserving young playwrights. Well, it's better than driving a cab. . . . Britain's Arts Council, which already gives generous subsidies to such non-profit troupes as the National Theater and the Royal Shakespeare Company, is now involved in a project to help the commercial theater as well. The idea is to mix public and private money (initial capitalization is $447,500) to provide financing for promising new productions. Lord Goodman, onetime chairman of the Arts Council, heads TIF's board of directors. . . . France's Ministry of Culture will give $34 million in subsidies to national theater companies next year. Although this is a slight increase over the 1976 subsidies, it isn't enough to offset inflation. Many theaters will have to cut down on productions and/or raise ticket prices.

On the tube. A weekly series of new television plays by American writers begins October 21 on PBS. The series is called "Visions," originates in Los Angeles, and is directed by Barbara Schultz, formerly executive producer of "CBS Playhouse." More than 3,000 writers submitted original material for consideration—novelists, poets, and journalists, as well as playwrights. Twenty-four plays have been chosen for presentation. In announcing the series, Barbara Schultz said that "for too long there has been no regularly scheduled original American television drama on either commercial or non-commercial television." She hopes that "Visions" will provide an effective counterweight to the British fare and revivals of classics now prevalent on television. Unfortunately, no corporation has been willing to help underwrite the project—perhaps because of the possibly controversial quality of some of the plays. As a result, the series has had to make do with reduced funding. . . . As if to underline Ms. Schultz's point about the classics, NBC-TV and Britain's commercial Granada Television will collaborate on producing a series of two-hour specials drawn from the works of Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Miller, Robert E. Sherwood, and other twentieth-century American playwrights. Laurence Olivier is to be artistic director of the series and will appear in the first presentation, Tennessee Williams's "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," along with Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner. . . . More classics are in the works at the BBC: all of Shakespeare's plays, from "Henry VI" to "The Tempest," will be produced in a consistent television style under the direction of Cedric Messina, senior drama producer at the BBC's plays department. It's a long-term project that won't get under way until late 1977.

Et cetera. Dublin's Abbey Theater will tour America this fall for the first time since 1938. Brooklyn's Academy of Music is the first stop on the company's six-week tour. . . . Other importations this season include Harold Pinter's "No Man's Land" (with John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson), Simon Gray's "Otherwise Engaged" (with Tom Courtenay), and a French comedy by Eugène Labiche and Edouard Martin, "Monsieur Perrichon's Travels" (with Rex Harrison). . . . Forty years ago, the WPA Federal Theater Project employed more than 12,000 professionals (writers, performers, designers) and produced 830 major stage plays and more than 6,000 radio plays. A trove of documentary materials on this episode in American theatrical history was discovered in a Baltimore warehouse two years ago and now forms the nucleus of a Federal Theater Project Center at George Mason University, in Fairfax, Va. The collection has more than 7,000 scripts, including unpublished early works by Arthur Miller and Betty Smith. A grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities will enable the university to catalog and process the materials. . . . The unemployment rate of actors declined last year. But don't throw hats in the air. It merely means that 35 percent of actors were out of work in 1975 compared to 47.4 per cent in 1974. —ROLAND GELATT

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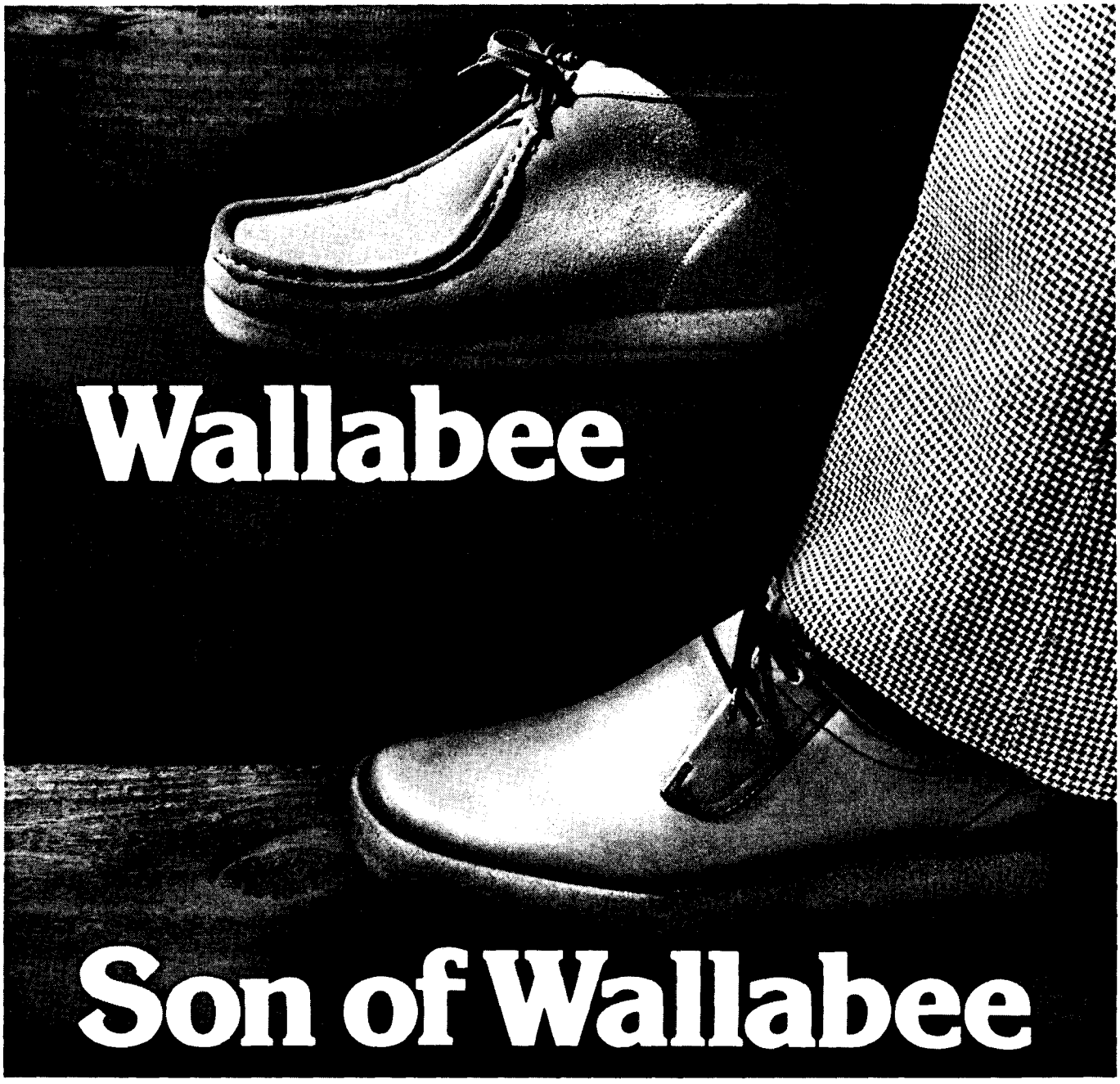

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Brancusi: Master of Elision and Re-vision

by Katharine Kuh

COMPARATIVELY little in English has been written about Constantin Brancusi. With the exception of Sidney Geist's exemplary study, he has rarely been seriously investigated, though frequently admired as the bridge between past traditions and modern invention. Now that we are celebrating the 100th year of his birth with occasional seminars and commemorative exhibitions, overshadowed, alas, by a plethora of repetitious bicentennial events, I find myself trying to reassess this Rumanian-born artist's legacy to us. For there is little doubt that between Michelangelo and Brancusi (a period of roughly 400 years) no other sculptors except Bernini and Rodin had such conclusive impact. Moreover, it is reassuring that this progression showed a certain continuity, with Rodin borrowing from Michelangelo and Brancusi from Rodin, in whose studio he actually worked. But to quote Geist, "Brancusi left after a time uttering his famous, 'Nothing can grow in the shadow of the great trees.' "

I am wondering whether, contrary to popular opinion, Brancusi was less the beginning of an era than the triumphant culmination of one—an unusual situation, since today we are accustomed to thinking of endings as slightly anticlimactic. It is the new we demand, the different, the cataclysmic, as represented by individual artists and even by successive steps in their careers. Not so Brancusi. He pursued his own course with scarcely a nod to transient fashions. Though he introduced the most subtle elisions and condensations, still he adhered to accepted concepts of form. Isamu Noguchi, who worked as an apprentice in his Paris studio, once observed, "What Brancusi does . . . is to take the essence of nature and distill it." And indeed he did have a special way of seeing human and animal life in terms of their origins. With him ovoids modulated by fleeting variations repeatedly evoke the idea of genesis.

"Princess X"—"A single sinuous shape."

Philadelphia Museum of Art

The artist was more concerned with positive than with negative form and in this respect looked back to the past. Though at times he was interested in implied motion as reflected on highly polished surfaces, he did not foretell tangible movement nor the dedication to space, which a bit later were to become keynotes of modern mobiles and welded metal sculpture. He was nonetheless a true pioneer, if only because of his ability to define the most complicated aspects of life with the most simplified means. His interests centered on the secrets of reproduction and replenishment, themes that, in the hands of a lesser artist, could have become mawkish or pretentious. He was able to sublimate all nonessentials and concentrate on basic meanings. For him it was not a case of the emperor's clothes; he envisioned no ameliorating addenda but, on the contrary, pared away familiar details to expose generic realities.

The industrial age was rarely his mentor, for methods and materials seem to have engrossed him less than the mysteries of living organisms. He was involved not alone with the physical core of life but also with its psychic ramifications. His was an inner directed, almost Oriental focus. Though the sculptor visited India on the invitation of a maharaja who was an ardent Brancusi fan, his work had little

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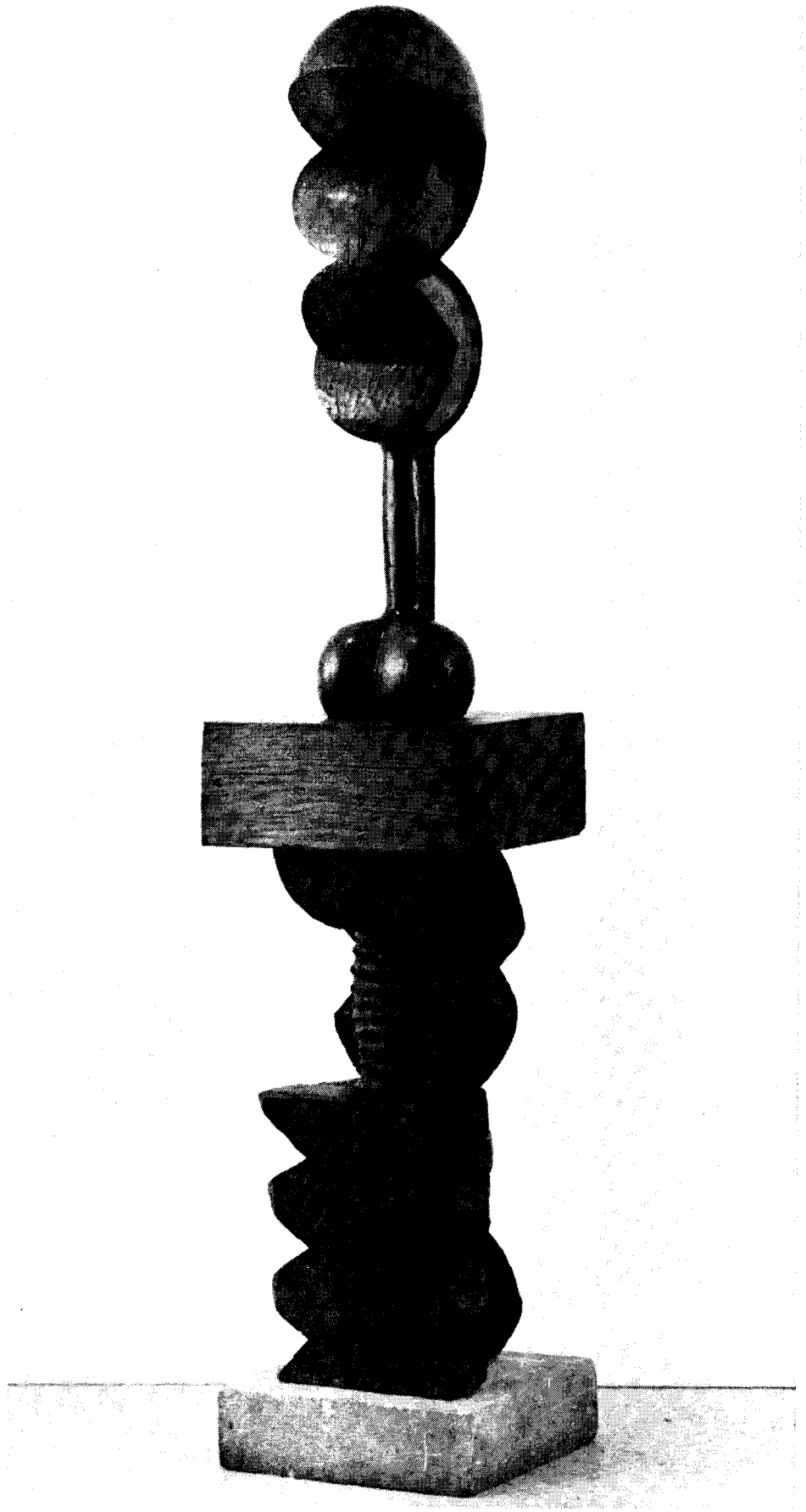
relation to the subcontinent's explosive styles. He was closer to the urbanity of China. Yet there is no reason to believe that he was directly influenced by the art of any Eastern country; it is more likely he merely operated on a somewhat similar wavelength.

I remember being taken to visit Brancusi many years ago by the writer Henri Pierre Roché, for me a treasured event. There was that fantastic studio—one large room filled with turntables on which were sculptures, hidden under cheesecloth. There was that small bearded man in coveralls who leaped about somewhat like a sturdy monkey removing the cloths and connecting the turntables to an electric circuit, thus making the figures rotate slowly in a kind of rhythmic euphoria. "Birds in Space," marble "Madame Poganys," shining "Ledas," "White Negresses," all enhanced one another and yet retained their uniqueness. There was a "Turtle," too, no version of which I had seen before. Brancusi explained that this latest sculpture of his was extremely recalcitrant, even refusing to be photographed, so he had indulgently given in, though he himself was an able photographer who usually recorded his own work.

As he fed me hoarhound drops from a large glass container, I examined the furniture—all carved by him from wood and resembling the chunky permanence of a peasant environment. Here supple sculpture mingled comfortably with stocky stools, bunk, and tables, giving graphic evidence of the artist's duality. Today his studio has been reproduced at the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris, the city where he spent most of his adult life. The sculpture, the furniture, are all there, but the total effect is a disastrous misrepresentation, recalling a sterile period room or, worse, a frozen habitat. The radiant sculpture is not rotating; there are no hoarhound drops, and even the shadow of that enigmatic figure in coveralls has vanished.

It is scarcely surprising that from time to time Brancusi looked back to his peasant origins. He was born into poverty in a small Rumanian town and at the age of eleven had permanently left home. From then on he supported himself and determined his own direction. Geist quotes him as saying, "My life has been a succession of marvelous events." Perhaps the first was this early, brave departure. One senses, however, that these "events" were more often the result of internal revelations. In any case, when carving from wood, Bran-



Collection The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York

"Adam and Eve"—"Symbols opposed and yet joined."

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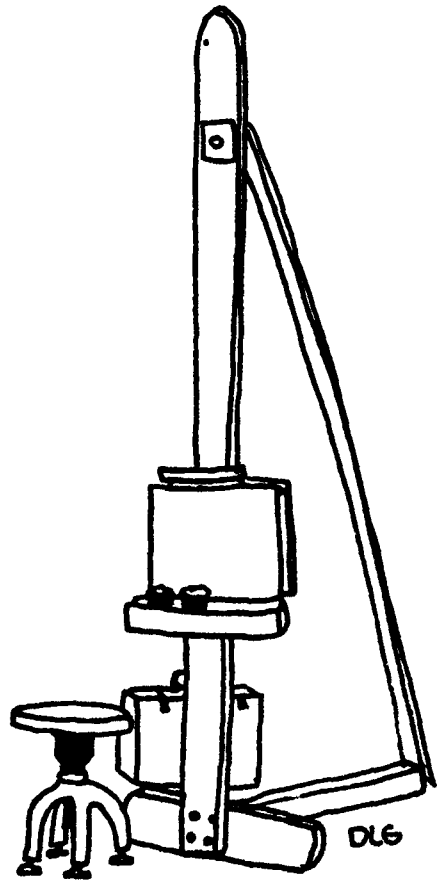
cusi often reverted to indigenous memories. The furniture, the puzzling bases and pedestals, the deliberately primitive wood sculpture (some of the best of which now belongs to the Guggenheim Museum), all show the same delight in the immediacy of the material. The wood is never camouflaged; it is starkly and robustly revealed.

Recently a friend lent me a book of documentary photographs on peasant life in Rumania. And there, in farmhouse interiors, were the prototypes of Brancusi's furniture, while in the village cemeteries were wooden grave monuments that pointed the way to his sometimes heroic, sometimes witty sculpture of the same material. Still there is a difference. Brancusi's wood carvings, whether utilitarian or purely aesthetic, were designed with intentional multiplicity. A stool can be sat on, but it can also be seen as a latent animal or a living force. Pedestals often double as independent sculptures. Take, for example, the wood carving "Adam and Eve," where Adam acts at once as a base for and an integral element in the overall composition. Eve, conceived in interlocking curved planes, and Adam, more roughly hewn and more angular, become symbols of male and female opposed and yet joined. The masculine form supports the feminine, while together they produce an evolving synthesis.

With Brancusi there are always *double entendres*. The swelling "Torso of a Girl" turns into a vessel, each aspect emerging as a compressed abstraction. The many "Birds in Space" are in fact birds in flight or, better, they are flight itself; their upward-thrusting forms the closest approach to dematerialization that the sculptor ever attempted. Perhaps the most sensuous of all Brancusi's works is "Princess X," combining as it does both male and female reproductive organs in a single sinuous shape. Strongly phallic and also possessed of suggestive ellipses, the sculpture was banned as pornographic by the Salon des Artistes Indépendants of 1920. Two versions exist—one in marble, the other in polished bronze. Just what the title refers to is obscure, but less obscure is the artist's intention. The figure, again encompassing the origins of life, fuses the two sexes in composite interaction.

Brancusi pursued the same theme relentlessly. Once he had found a form, or shall we say an idea, that absorbed him, he doggedly returned to it, altering, refining, and reseeing until he had extracted its total potential. Typical was his long involvement with the portrait of Mlle. Pogany, a young Hungarian painter he found especially beautiful. Some eight different versions, covering a period of approximately twenty-three years (from about 1910 to 1933), suggest how persistently he stalked a favorite subject. He executed Mlle. Pogany in a variety of marbles and in polished bronze, but though the material may have affected certain aspects of the work, it never became a basic motivation. At times he included arms, at times various hairdresses, at times he twisted the long neck and oval head until the image assumed a rotating, three-dimensional ambience. Slowly the sculpture evolved into an almost metaphysical presence. In each version, Brancusi extracted certain underlying characteristics from his sitter—her elegance, her strange inward gaze. He emphasized the large egg-shaped eyes until eventually these great spheroids took over the entire face.

He grappled with "The Kiss" in the same way, strengthening the sculpture by patient readjustments. Again he made several versions, each touched by a poignancy that even a blocklike stone design could not dispel. Unexpected flashes of humor thread his work; his wit is always terse, often affectionate, and at times bitingly satirical. One need only refer to his "Portrait of Nancy Cunard," its shining metal surface reflecting the viewer's likeness in a featureless face topped by a precarious chignon. To see oneself so frankly mirrored in another is provocative on both levels. Far more devastating is Brancusi's wood carving "The Chief." Here a small head crowned with rusty iron is identified by a single feature: a gaping, babbling mouth. Geist tells us the work represents the pope, but for me it encapsulates all aspects of arrogant power.



That this sculptor adhered to strong philosophic convictions is clear but nowhere clearer than in his renowned "Endless Column," which, pushing up above the earth, acts as a curiously exultant testament to freedom from worldly ties. Modulated by elusive differentiations, it rises in nodes and appears to be limitless. Both its title and austere repetitions reinforce the idea of an unbroken, continuing experience. It is fitting that the finished work can be seen only in Rumania, in the town of Tirgu Jiu, where Brancusi went as a child shortly after leaving home. Toward the end of his life, when he was fatally ill, a Chicago industrialist visited him, hoping that an even taller cast of the "Endless Column" might be installed in the Illinois city. Brancusi was too sick to travel, but he was reassured that his slightest specifications would be followed religiously and supervised by any sculptor he designated. The artist did not answer; he merely shook his head, and no matter what promises were made, he continued to shake his head. A sculpture without his personal imprint could not be his. In his work he left little to chance, and as for "specifications"—these were only clues to final decisions.

Brancusi's influence on our century has been both direct and indirect. Such sculptors as Arp, Henry Moore, Noguchi, Barbara Hepworth, obviously are in debt to him, but more important is his indefinable impact on all of us who hope to understand the art of our period. His devotion to primary forces, his ability to clear away nonessentials and discover, even invent, forms in their purest manifestations set him apart. If his intention was not necessarily to break new ground, his vision was so penetrating he was able to make the past seem new. ◉

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Music to My Ears

A New Vista for Raymond Leppard

by Irving Kolodin

IF AMERICAN music lovers, as well as others worldwide, can claim an acquaintance with the works of Francesco Cavalli they didn't have ten years ago, it is largely due to the enterprise of a fifty-ish Englishman named Raymond Leppard, who has been much involved in this season's opera activities in Santa Fe, N.Mex. Primarily known as a conductor, Leppard has a scholarly background, which led him to a cache of Cavalli scores long buried in Venice. They go far to explain that composer's repute as the first seventeenth-century opera composer to have a wide popular following.

L'Ormindo caused a sensation when it was first performed at Glyndebourne in 1967; *La Calisto* added further luster to Cavalli's name not long afterward; and *L'Egisto* was so successful a fusion of mirth and melody, wit and laughter when it had its rebirth in Santa Fe in 1974 that it was back in the repertory again this year. These works speak to us with a voice that evoked the first general awareness, among Venetians during the 1640s, of the possibilities contained in the "new" mixture of song, text, stage action, scenery, and dance. Cavalli had so far penetrated these possibilities that *L'Egisto* contains what many opera lovers would imagine came into being only decades later: the first operatic mad scene.

Such musical and some non-musical interests prompted a meeting recently with Leppard in Santa Fe, where he was not merely redirecting *L'Egisto* but producing the Santa Fe Opera Company's bicentennial ceremonial, a long-deferred revival of Virgil Thomson's (and Gertrude Stein's) *The Mother of Us All.* After some preliminary probes into Leppard's early surroundings (born in London; reared in Bath; educated at Cambridge rather than the Royal College of Music because he wanted university training), I asked him whether the combination of Cavalli and Thomson was a digression from his prior identity as a specialist. "Oh, no," he replied. "I have never really been a specialist. I was a pianist and harpsichordist before I became a conductor, and at the present time I am affiliated with the BBC Northern [Manchester] Orchestra, which does a very wide repertory."

He did agree, however, that college training had bred a special interest in early Italian opera, especially in the works of its greatest genius, Claudio Monteverdi. Following some early, post-Cambridge experience in London, Leppard spent ten years at Trinity College ("as a don," he added) being drawn deeper and deeper into the sources of opera's beginning, a mainstream that had largely gone underground for three centuries.

"I took a term off to work at sources in Venice," he continued, "and discovered that, by pure chance, a whole series of Cavalli manuscripts had been preserved. On the theory that a Cavalli in the hand was worth any number of Monteverdi in the bush, I plunged into them." The results are now world acclaimed. To be sure, there are musicologists who question Leppard's "realizations" (read "workings-out") and who wonder whether or not the early Venetians really possessed the awareness of tone, color, and harmonic detail Leppard imputes to them; they would be happier, no doubt, to perpetually pursue Monteverdi in the bush.

With the basic facts of Leppard's background established and the coolth of the first encounter thawed by the midday New Mexico sun, a query about a non-musical aspect of Leppard's life appeared warranted. "I hear that you are thinking of giving up your English connections," I said. "There's more to it than thinking about it," he answered. "I am actually well into the legalities. I applied for American residency nearly a year ago, after I finished a season in San Francisco, and it was granted to me not long ago. Now I am into the termination of being a British subject, which means that for a year thereafter I cannot visit Britain. So I will be winding up my work there in April [1977] and won't return until 1978. By 1980 I will be an American citizen."

For one whose life is centered in music, the implication appeared plain: he would be better able to pursue his career objectives elsewhere. "On the contrary," he responded. "I have no lack of opportunities in England or on the Continent" (where, among other things, he will be producing his version of Handel's *Alcina*, at Aix-en-Provence, in 1978). "It has to do with a different thing altogether. I simply don't believe in socialism. As a theory, yes; but as a tenable idea in practice, no. In the kind of socialism that is emerging in Britain, responsibilities are spread too widely and are diffused too much to achieve proper results in the work in which I am

Ken Howard

Raymond Leppard—"By 1980 I will be an American citizen."

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interested. From what I have seen of America during my visits here, I find it has a style of life that is very attractive to me. I like the openness of the people, and the moral values, as I observe them, offer sufficient latitude without being totally uninhibited. The conditions of work are stimulating, too. As an instance, here in Santa Fe, you can get remarkably good results, in a relaxed atmosphere that is nevertheless serious."

How much Leppard's decision will benefit the American musical scene transcends calculation. He is, clearly, a man of enterprise and imagination, flexible enough to apply his scholarly background to public purposes. He will, however, not decide quickly which way his energies are to be expended. First he will have to find a place to live in New York, which he is drawn to as the most stimulating of American cities. Then he will travel, alter his vista from transatlantic to intra-American, and widen his acquaintance with a new "continental" society in all its diversity. When Leppard and the dust settle, some American community is destined to have a dynamic new force in its midst.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Leppard brings a ready-made sense of things American to his direction of Thomson's enduring and essentially native art. The *Mother of Us All* has hardly had as fine a cast or a production since its premiere, at Brander Matthews Theater, on the Columbia University campus, in the late forties. According to his custom, Thomson participated in the choice of performers and concurred in the brilliantly suitable visual scheme by Robert Indiana.

Thomson has been ailing in recent months and was unable to apply his own sense of balance, proportion, and emphasis to the work of a very talented group of performers. This was to the disadvantage of the work's central figure, Susan B. Anthony, whose interpreter, Mignon Dunn, had every asset to dispose, but was determined to use her fine Wagner-Verdi voice in circumstances where it was mostly inappropriate. On balance, the work stands staunchly on its historically grounded feet. It would be a pity if all the effort expended on characterizations (William Lewis as John Adams, James Atherton as Joe the Loiterer, Helen Vanni as Constance Fletcher, and Ashley Putnam as Angel More) was not held together to perform elsewhere before a larger audience. ◉

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The Movies

Talking About Men, Obsession, and a Clockmaker

by Judith Crist

THE family-album fascination of an established filmmaker's past attracts us all but more often than not proves rewarding primarily to the film student. At the very least, of course, a less-than-inspired early work can make us appreciate the author's creative growth and, in Lina Wertmüller's case, maturity.

Wertmüller's *Let's Talk About Men*, for which she provided script and direction in 1965, is obviously in release because of the five later films that have brought her popularity and homage in this country, most deserved, of course, with *The Seduction of Mimi, Swept Away . . .*, and *Seven Beauties*; and less with *Love and Anarchy* and *All Screwed Up*. An omnibus film—four vignettes of abominable men tied together by the in-the-hallway adventures of a naked man, inadvertently locked out of a borrowed apartment—it is very much of the mid-sixties. Not only is its structure that of such delights as *Love at Twenty* or *Seven Deadly Sins* but it also reflects the contemporary deglamorization of Italian men and the pricking of machismo that male filmmakers were addressing themselves to in films like *The Easy Life* and *Seduced and Abandoned*. The most relevant contemporary influence obviously was 1964's *Let's Talk About Women*, wherein the greatly gifted Vittorio Gassman played nine roles superbly in as many sketches, less than half of which were worthwhile. That Wertmüller sought to strike a blow for the other side of the sex war (her film's Italian title was, in fact, *This Time Let's Talk About Men*) is commendable; that she chose to strike it with a sledgehammer is not; and that she was left with the far less versatile Nino Manfredi as her tetralogy's protagonist was regrettable.

For the born-yesterday (as far as life, let alone movies, goes) crowd, Wertmüller's sketches have a certain appeal and, even for sophisticates, an initial hint of originality. But all becomes obvious within minutes in each, whether it is the big-dealing man of "honor" faced in his hour of financial crisis with his wife's hoard of gems stolen out of boredom; the stubborn old knife-thrower refusing to get new glasses at his target-wife's suggestion; the "superior" man proving his superiority to his "cretin" of a wife; or the man of "principle," a lazy-bones farmer, devoting himself to his principles and cronies while his wife slaves away. There are flashes of Wertmüller's wit and ample evidence of her saving grace—humor and humanism save her from the man-hating sump of libbers—in seeing clearly the stupid, vapid, near-neurotic, and cowlike women who accept their status. But Manfredi and the four attractive women assigned him are so self-consciously cute in each of their roles, and Wertmüller's directorial concept so similar in each episode, that the bits and pieces of a burgeoning talent and its potential are hard to find under the cumulative didacticism and monotony. But they are there for seekers.

HOPEFULLY, the popular success of *Obsession*—a neatly told, finely timed, and fascinating thriller by Brian De Palma—will prompt the re-release of his last film, *The Phantom of the Paradise*, a 1974 horror-rock musical comedy that signaled his arrival as a full-fledged filmmaker but missed the audience it deserved (as did his *Get to Know Your Rabbit*, a flawed but completely charming 1972 comedy). De Palma, now thirty-four and a far cry from the shoestring-production days of his sassy *Greetings* and *Hi, Mom* eight years ago, has concocted a "commercial" but satisfying romantic-suspense story with scenarist Paul Schrader. They've carried it off to excellent visual effect with cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond, who brings his lovely misted textures of *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, *Images*, and *The Long Goodbye* to marvelous effect in Florence and New Orleans.

Romantic both in content and in its lack of violence, *Obsession* is the kind of thriller that bears no detailing of plot, let alone nit-pickingly logical appraisal.

Continued on next page

Let's Talk About Men—*"Deglamorization of Italian males."*

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Suffice it that Cliff Robertson, as a man obsessed by guilt for the death of his wife in a kidnapping, and Geneviève Bujold, as the wife and—oops—someone else, give their usual excellent performances. The score, by the late Bernard Herrmann, gives it all a Hitchcockian (and lush movie-palace) note. But Hitch, of course, wouldn't have let a weak performance (and I can't say by whom) weaken the suspense, nor would he have had one of those sit-down-and-let-me-explain conclusions, which also vitiated the effectiveness of De Palma's *Sisters*. But on its own, the film provides excellent diversion, and on his own, De Palma stands as a first-rate movie-movie maker.

Obsession—*"The kind of thriller that bears no detailing of plot."*

BERNARD TAVERNIER, a thirty-five-year-old French critic and cinéaste, makes an interesting and impressive debut as director of *The Clockmaker*, based on Georges Simenon's *The Clockmaker of Everton*. Simenon's American-set story of a middle-aged man of orderly life and habit suddenly faced by ultimate disorder has been reset in Lyons, France, and brought to remarkable realization not only by this talented filmmaker but also by Philippe Noiret, one of France's outstanding actors.

The ultimate disorder that faces Michel Descombes, a horologist whose life is as routine, conventional, and precise in its functioning as the clocks he repairs, is the news one morning that his son is a wanted killer. The youth, police say, has, in the company of a girl, murdered the security chief of the factory at which the girl had worked and has run off with her in a stolen car. More horrifying than the sudden fact that the boy is a hunted murderer is the realization, which grows hour by hour and day by day, that the child he raised (a widower, he was separated from his wife before her death), in bonds of companionship as well as parenthood, is a complete stranger to him. Even a former housekeeper and a radical friend seem to have known more about the boy. The triumph of both director and star, however, is that theirs is not a generation-gap story; it is the tale of a man's probe, amid the exploitations and ready answers the press, police, and public are ready to provide, of a filial relationship and of where a parent ultimately stands.

Noiret, now forty-five, is tall, dark, and barrel-bodied. A theater actor who came to film in 1960 and made his mark over the years—from *Zazie dans le Métro* to *Very Happy Alexander*, with *Justine* and *Topaz* in Hollywood and recent appearances in *The Old Gun* and *My Friends*—Noiret gives a largely internal performance. Under Tavernier's hand, the human factor is kept in taut counterpoint to the tight sequences of the manhunt for an engrossing duality in the thriller aspects of the film. Noiret, for the most part, lets the upheaval of a man's roots, the revolution of his moral outlook, the resolution of his emotional ethic, seep through a dogged look, a stooped shoulder, the sudden fumble of a once-secure footstep. It is a memorable accomplishment, given a universality that is underlined by Jean Rochefort, as the dichotomous police commissioner drawn to the father's problem. He notes, "If you don't understand your own kids, you try other people's." But the answer lies only with one's own, and the result is a Simenon to touch the heart, as always.

FOR those who care to touch the bestial, there's *The Return of a Man Called Horse*, a sequel to the 1970 Richard Harris vehicle equally guaranteed to please sadists and those who share the creators' fixation with pectoral torture. This time, the silliness is scripted up, once again, by Jack De Witt and brought to tedious exposition on screen by Irvin Kershner (whom we'll still honor for *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, *The Flim-Flam Man*, and *Up the Sandbox*). Harris, that early-nineteenth-century English milord adopted by Sioux, returns from his stately home seemingly to teach psychedelia and superstition to his foster tribe. The emphasis is on braves' being strung up by their breasts. All the Indians except Gale Sondergaard get to talk subtitled Sioux (she talks *bodega*-type English), and Kershner maintains a tidy balance between nausea and boredom for the viewer. ◉

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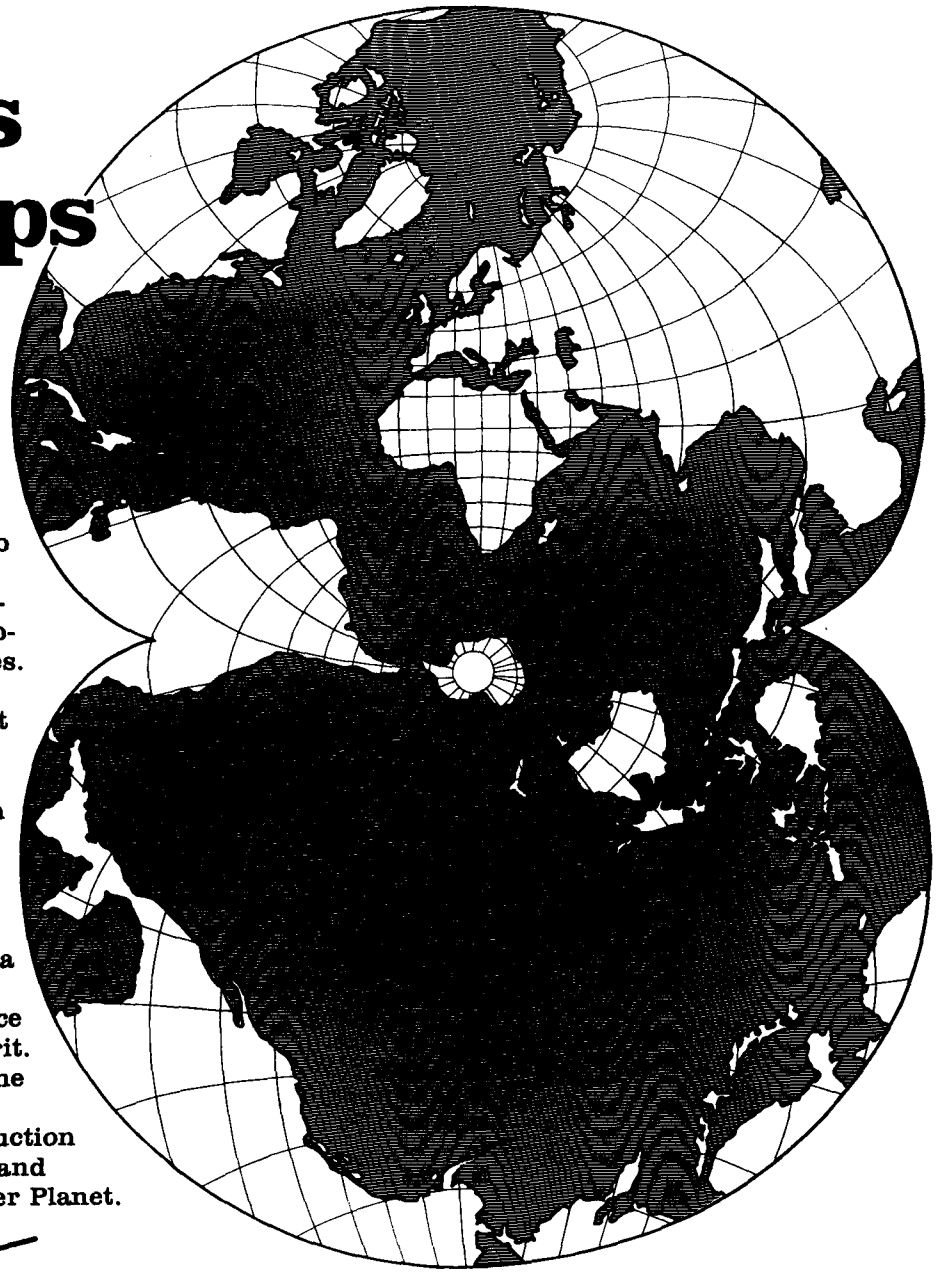
If Sea Creatures Drew Maps



Those maps would show — not six oceans and 30 or more seas — but a single, inter-connected water system that covers most of our planet. Our global water system moves perpetually, distributing nutrients, heat, oxygen — and Sea creatures — to every corner of the world. Our water system also disperses man-made pesticides, herbicides, petroleum products and nuclear wastes.

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Photography

Victorian India Revisited

by Margaret R. Weiss

SIMULTANEOUS book-and-exhibit debuts continue to flourish on the photography scene. One of the latest of these double exposures is Clark Worswick's *The Last Empire*—100 vintage photographs of Victorian India, published as an Aperture monograph and mounted as a traveling show (which premiered in New York's Asia House and will open shortly in Berkeley, Calif., and Vancouver, B.C.).

Worswick, a filmmaker whose credits include documentaries on Indian village life and Kota painting, describes himself as "a New York–based native Californian, the first research fellow in the Department of Visual Studies at Harvard, a veteran of three extended stays in India, and someone who'd really like to become a photo-historian." His research for *The Last Empire* shows that he has successfully taken the first step toward that goal, for he singled out from a plethora of early practitioners those whose contributions are worthy of note.

Among the names that may find their proper place in future histories of photography are Felice Beato, a versatile peripatetic who knew the cantonment as well as the countryside; Samuel Bourne, a master of mountain vistas, even from Himalayan altitudes exceeding 18,000 feet; John Burke, whose lens ranged the Punjab and immortalized the epic military operations in the North-West Frontier Province. Any account of war photography should include mention of John McCosh, a Bengal Army medical officer who was documenting front-line action in India five years before Roger Fenton covered the Crimean War. And certainly credit should be given to the precursors of the government-sponsored Archaeological Survey—Robert Gill, Linnaeus Tripe, and E. D. Lyon, among others—who focused wide-angle lenses on the architectural monuments of ancient cities.

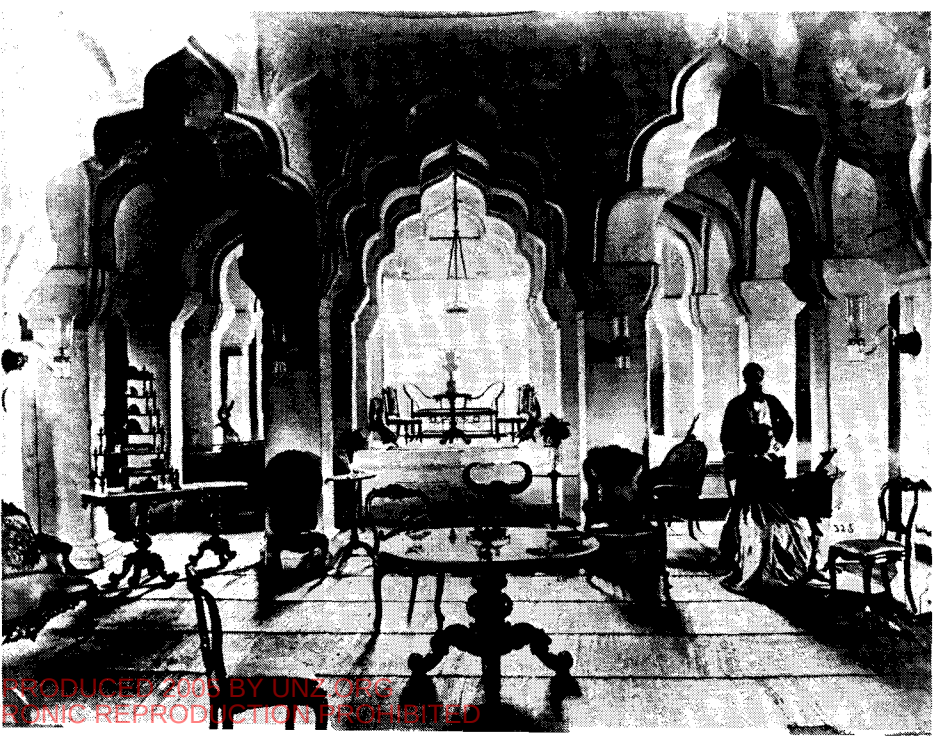
It was the camerawork of such men—along with that of countless amateurs—that projects for today's eyes a picture of the British presence in India's past. These are "historic" photographs on several counts: they document history in terms of an empire's military expeditions; they record social history in glimpses of fashion, interior design, housing, sports, and entertainment. And they illuminate a chapter in photography's own history when the viewfinding Victorian in the subcontinent had to contend not only with cumbersome camera gear, tempera-

National Army Museum, London

Felice A. Beato: The Sikh Horse Regiment, Lucknow, 1858.

Captain E. D. Lyon: Interior of a Home at Madura, Madras, ca. 1865.

India Office Library, London



Photographs from The Asia House Gallery

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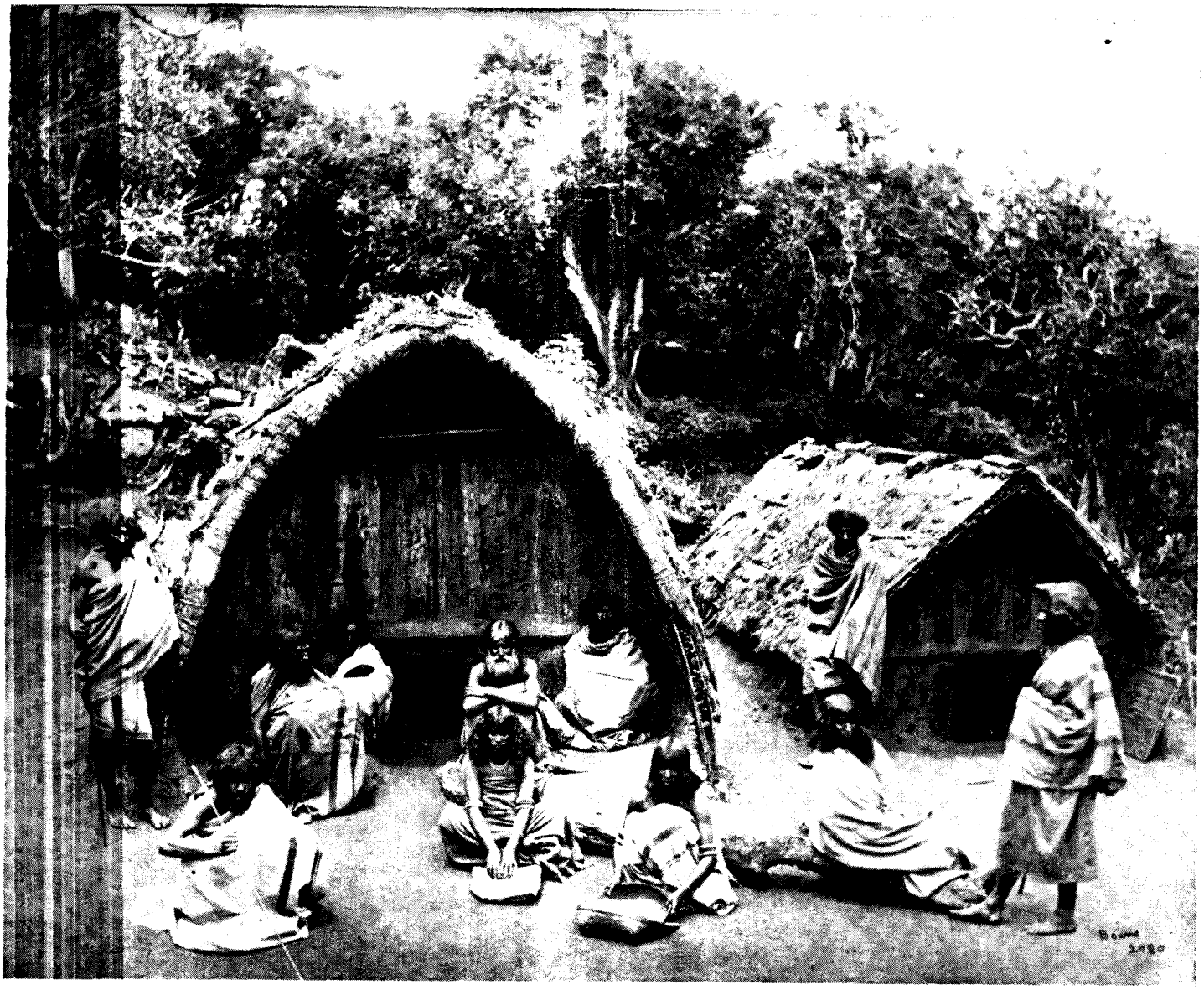

Boston Public Library

Samuel Bourne: Toda Mund, Village and Todas, 1868–9.

mental chemicals, long exposures, and short supplies but also with extremes of temperature, dampness, rot, and emulsion-loving white ants.

Although the Asia House installation is well conceived and its wall labels informative, I confess that my appreciation of the exhibit was enhanced by having read Worswick's book before visiting the gallery. In addition to the author's commentary, there is Ainslie Embree's afterword on "the rulers and the ruled" to supply insight into the interaction of cultures.

No text, however, is needed to enjoy the prints purely as pictures and to marvel at the craftsmanship many of them display. Instinctively the eye responds to multi-plate panoramic views, the rich

India Office Library, London

Unattributed: The Maharaja of Bansada and the Heir Apparent, ca. 1880.

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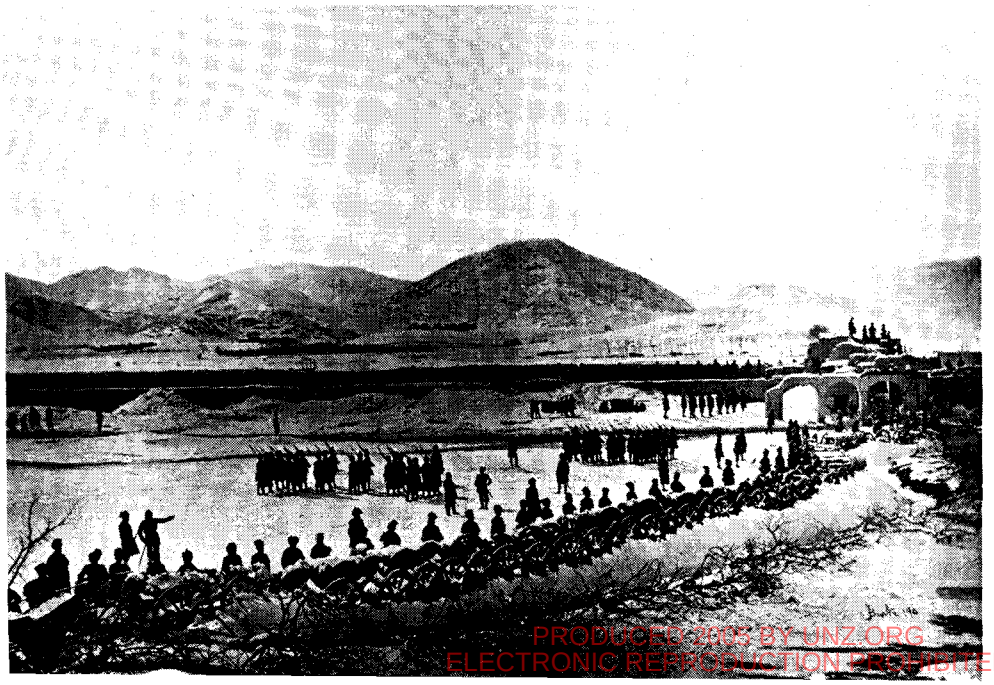
▼ *John Burke: The Northwest Corner of the British Redoubt at Sherpur, December 20, 1879—the day before 100,000 Afghans attacked.*

▲ *John Burke: The Valley of Death, Jalalabad Pass, 1879.*

Photographs: National Army Museum, London



purplish-browns achieved by the gold-toning process, the mastery over tricky lighting conditions in huge caves or in palace interiors agleam with highly reflective surfaces. The Residency at Lucknow or Simla, durbars, mendicants and maharajas, pigsticking sportsmen and Bengal lancers, "native types"—shades of Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*—are all graphically represented.

To assemble these images, Worswick sifted through tens of thousands of prints in collections as diverse as those of the Boston Public Library and the Victoria & Albert Museum. What surfaced from his research is now on view and between covers: a camera time-capsule of British life and Indian landscape as seen by the active lensmen of the "Last Empire." ◉

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"American Chic is the Country Cousin who came to the city, the drop-in guest who stayed for a candlelight dinner."

Photo by Eddie Adams

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Dance

Varna Spawns a Winner

by Walter Terry

Varna, Bulgaria

STRIVING toward international understanding (or, at least, expressions of amity) is as important as competitive spirit at the world-renowned International Ballet Competition, held every two years in Varna, a strikingly beautiful resort on the Bulgarian shore of the Black Sea. Certainly Todor Zhivkov, first secretary of the Communist Party and Bulgaria's head of state, feels that way; if he didn't, there would be no such event. In his official greetings to the more than 100 contestants from twenty-seven nations and to the panel of dance experts, serving as jurors, from twenty countries, he spoke of the competition "as an instrument for the development of ballet dancing and for the promotion of friendly contacts between the people of many nations, furthering the course of peace and understanding on a global scale."

The way that both international and national interests were simultaneously served was through the dominance of the individual, the social system to which we of the West hold. Curiously, in a tightly communist country, it worked—at least for the duration of the competition. An example? A young Frenchman won top honors, not because he was French, but because he was a superb dancer; and a Soviet girl did not win a gold medal simply because she wasn't good enough. The jurors, obviously, agreed, no matter what their national or political roots were. Chairman Zhivkov had a point.

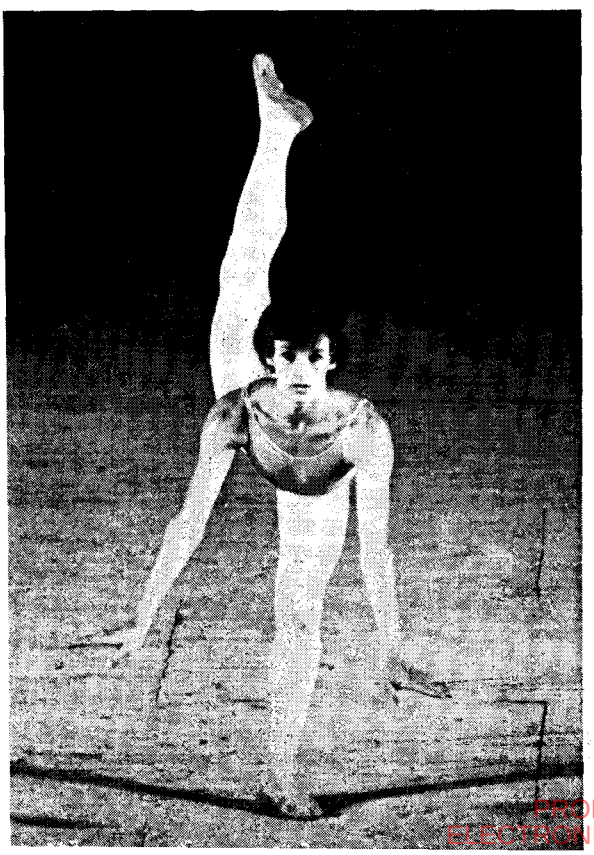
But the Bulgarian boss was not the focal point of the Eighth International Ballet Competition, here at Varna. The dancers were. One in particular came close to stealing the show. The star of the occasion was, unquestionably, seventeen-year-old Patrick Dupond of France, who not only won a gold medal first prize in the junior (or adolescent) category but also racked up the highest percentage score (computerized to decimal places from the three stages of the competition) of the thirty-six finalists. Audiences applauded young Patrick at the mere mention of his name and cheered whenever he hovered in an arc over the stage in emulation of the moon, suspended above the beautiful outdoor theater, or when he spun off his multiple pirouettes with astonishing ease or when he repeatedly demonstrated that his superb athleticism was matched with an incipient artistry of the first order.

International ballet fans were quick to note that a decade earlier Mikhail Baryshnikov had been a promising young medalist from the Soviet Union. For two years now, since his defection to the West, he has dazzled the world as a ballet star equaled only by Rudolf Nureyev. In Varna during the summer of '76, one heard, "Dupond! Rival to Baryshnikov?"

The dancers lived in a hotel within walking distance of the theater. They drank Cokes together, occasionally ate together, and surmounted language barriers through gesture, French ballet terminology, and dance itself. A Soviet coach noticing a girl from another country rehearse decided her arms were wrong for a given variation and yelled out, "*Nyet! Nyet! Écarté ist . . . est . . .* is *croisé. . . . Da, da.*" And England's septuagenarian Anton Dolin, one of the great interpreters

Patrick Dupond—"Audiences applauded at the mere mention of his name. His superb athleticism was matched with an incipient artistry."

Photographs: F. Randolph Swartz



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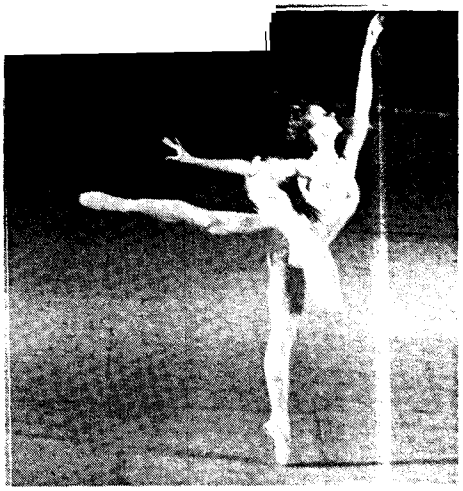
of the role of Albrecht in *Giselle* in this century, reminded Patrick as he rehearsed a variation from that great classic, "Let your left hand trail to the back. Remember, the Wilis, unseen, are pulling you. . . ."

Despite the camaraderie, there were some understandable grumblings. Participants from the United States were at a distinct disadvantage vis-à-vis their counterparts from East European countries, who were selected by their state schools and came—expenses paid—with their own teachers, coaches, and often their accompanists. Americans and some others from the West paid their own way, to the tune of thousands of dollars (tutus and toe shoes, tape recorders and live coaches don't come cheap). However, this is a basic difference in attitude toward the arts. Bulgaria, small and very poor, supports nine opera companies and five ballet troupes. The United States, big and rich, has no national theater with student academies. But the youngsters accepted these and other trials. Some felt that the Russians and the Cubans (headed by the great Alicia Alonso, associate chairman of the panel of judges with the USSR's Yuri Grigorovitch and Denmark's Allan Fridericia) had the best classroom facilities, but the Americans had a pleasant studio with a Bulgarian ballet mistress. All, from time to time, were subjected to inadequate rehearsal rooms as well as onstage rehearsals in the broiling sun or, perhaps, run-throughs at four in the morning. But dancers survive.

Members of the jury (I was the juror from the United States) were thrown together for hours each day. Performances lasted a minimum of four hours; balloting and deliberations (there were multilingual translators) kept us in close communication. Sometimes we didn't wait for translators, and one would hear (perhaps oneself) utter a mad combination of English, French, Russian, Arabic. Even one of the Bulgarian officials, in calling for a ballot number, came out with, "*Corok-quatre*, please," which encompasses Tartar-Russian, French, and, obviously, English.

One of the contestants, a Miss Deutschland, had a Mr. Israel for her accompanist while Hassan Sheta, of Egypt, did warm-ups in the wings. The sea gulls, flying in from the ancient Euxine Sea, soared over the dancers from time to time, and on one occasion, when one of the contestants tripped, there was a screech of horror from the skies. At a supper party in a Bulgarian restaurant that featured a brilliant folklore show starring an ensemble of remarkably gifted men dancers, a huge conga line formed, in which you could not miss the vivacious sixty-year-old Sophia Golovkina, director of the Bolshoi Ballet School; Yuri Grigorovitch, artistic director of the Bolshoi Ballet, and his wife, the ballerina Natalia Bessmertnova; and a collection of Swedes, Finns, Turks, Japanese, Americans, and Austrians—a riotous combination of happy dance enthusiasts, rhythmically promoting what Chairman Zhivkov had described as "friendly contacts between the people."



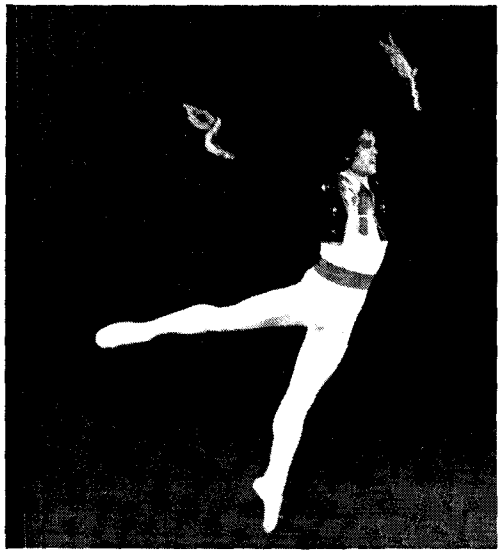
Canada's Silvie Chevalier—"Silver medal."

Lynn Charles—"Bronze medal winner."

Amity certainly prevailed in the deliberations of the jurors. Judges from the socialist nations voted enthusiastically for Dupond's gold medal as well as for silver medals (also in the adolescent category) to Canada's Sylvie Chevalier and Belgium's Ben van Cauenbergh; and we of the West certainly agreed that Rumania's Marin Boyeru deserved the gold medal first prize for the adult men. There were medals, too, for dancers from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Bulgaria—all merited. Two Americans—Lynn Charles, who won a bronze medal, and Anne Marie De Angelo, who received a citation for technical excellence—were winners with the judges and favorites with the audiences.

We jurors based our evaluations on technical accomplishment, on style, on interpretation (of both the classic and contemporary dances selected by the contestants), on individuality, and, most difficult to grade, that elusive element called "artistry." De Angelo, for example, boasted technical prowess of the highest order, but there were lacks in other areas. So, too, France's Jennifer Goubé possessed both individuality and superb musicality, but she missed out elsewhere.

But Patrick Dupond, despite his tender years, was a winner from the instant he set foot onstage. His countrymen, after he won, were exclaiming, "*Vive la France!*" but everyone was well aware that the true shout was, "*Vive la danse!*" ◉



Marin Boyeru—"Deserved the gold medal."

Anne Marie De Angelo—"Audience favorite."

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Recordings

INSTRUMENTAL

Fauré: *Pelléas et Mélisande, Dolly, Masques et bergamasques* (Seraphim). Each of these choice items has been available previously in an individual issue, but it is a rarity to find them grouped together, especially as performed by the Orchestre de Paris under Serge Baudo's skillful direction. Best known, probably, are the vignettes written for Maeterlinck's play *Pelléas and Mélisande,* as given in London in 1898. However, the set of piano pieces inscribed to "Dolly," the youthful daughter of Emma Bardac, who became Debussy's second wife, are redolent with Fauré's special qualities of invention. So, too, are the rarely heard *Masques et bergamasques.*

Granados: *12 Spanish Dances, op. 37* (Connoiseur). Everybody knows at least one of these classics by Granados (No. 5 ["Andaluza"] is usually identified as "Spanish Dance"). Some know No. 6 ("Jota"), but very few have had the opportunity to immerse themselves in the total ebb and flow of all twelve. This encounter is sharply enhanced by the participation of Gonzalo Soriano, an artist more finished now than when he performed with several American orchestras in the 1950s.

Leclair: *Sonata in D.* Other sonatas by Veracini, Vivaldi, and Nardini (Philips). The violin works of Leclair, Veracini, and Nardini are most often heard in the teaching studio or as "icebreakers" in the concert hall. In either instance, they are rarely dignified with the purity of sound and the rarefied sense of style purveyed by the Belgian-born Arthur Grumiaux. Curiously, the least impressive of the works is by the most recorded of the composers; the *Sonata in A* of Vivaldi is not on his top level. On the other hand, the finale of Nardini's *Sonata in D* would honor any composer's name. The responsive pianist is István Hajdu, who teaches at the Rotterdam Conservatory.

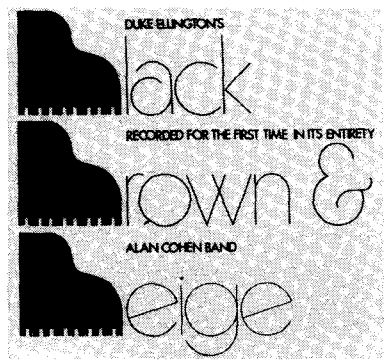
Ornstein: *Quintette, op. 92* (CRI). Leo Ornstein is a name seldom heard these days, and the perpetuation of the music contained on this disc is justified vis-à-vis the position of prominence he enjoyed in the twenties and thirties. The well-performed quintet, dating from 1927, is exemplary of the composer's strengths and weaknesses, blending a restless rhythmic impulse and a yearning kind of Russian-Hebraic emotional input. However, Ornstein did not equal Bartók in one respect or Gershwin in the other. "Three Moods" (1914), performed by William Westney, is more typical of the slashing attack that startled audiences when Ornstein was in his early twenties. It will no doubt surprise those who remember Ornstein as a brilliant interpreter of other composers' music, as well as of his own, that he is living in Texas, is in his eighties, and is still playing and composing.

Persichetti: *Four Quartets* (Arizona State University Stereo). These works of Vincent Persichetti are stimulating examples of the growth, in musical command and in compositional subtleties, of the skills that have made this composer one of the most admired men in his profession (by other composers and by students). From the first works, in 1939, to the latest, in 1972, there is a strong sense of lateral progression, of a horizontal flow of ideas rather than the paralyzing vertical relationships that scar so much contemporary quartet writing. The performances by the New Art String Quartet were prepared on the Tempe campus of Arizona State University, under the composer's supervision, and the reproduction is excellent.

Villa-Lobos: *Alma Brasileira*; Vianna: "Dansa de Negros"; Fernandez: "Brasileira" (Angel). Cristina Ortiz has been through the *réclame* and the letdown of being a first-prize winner in a Van Cliburn Competition of the late sixties and is now embarking on a solo career bound to expand in prominence. Ortiz has a special affinity for the music of her countrymen—from Brazil's international master, Villa-Lobos ("Festa no Sertão" and "Impressões Seresteira"), to the lesser-knowns: Fernandez, Vianna, and Miguez. Color, dash, and a sense of humor all add to the rhythmic impulse she generates.

OPERA

Haydn: *La fedeltà premiata* (Philips). Had the artistic world of Joseph Haydn included such stimulating verbal collaborators as Wolfgang Mozart found in Lorenzo da Ponte and Emanuel Schikaneder, it is likely that the operas he wrote for performance in Esterháza would have long since found a proper place in the repertories of the world's theaters. But, with their reissue in performable editions, it is altogether likely that others, like this one, will soon be delighting audiences aching for the musical abundance they contain. A product of approximately 1780 (which is to say, before Mozart was launched on the sequence of operas for which he became famous), *La fedeltà premiata* is a superb sequence of arias and ensembles crowned by act finales of a quality hitherto associated only with Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* and *Così fan tutte.* As Mozart's acquaintance with the work has now been established, opera may be added to the other branches of the art in which the younger genius learned from the example of the older. Included in the cast conducted by Antal Dorati, Haydn's most perceptive contemporary interpreter, are Frederica von Stade, Alan Titus, Luigi Alva, and Ileana Cotrubas. The model verbal presentation is the work of H. C. Robbins Landon, whose ceaseless musical archaeology has now added a whole new category of creation (three other operas are scheduled to be recorded soon) to the name and glory of Haydn.



MISCELLANEOUS

Benny Carter: *The King,* with "A Walkin' Thing," "My Kind of Trouble Is You," "Malibu," "Easy Money" (Pablo). Most of the titles on this disc are credited to Benny Carter, one of those jazz masters whose fame comes and goes over so many decades that there are always people encountering their art for the first time. But the tunes are merely the means for rousing the peerless alto-sax man to his best. His cleverly matched backup includes Milt Jackson, vibes; master Joe Pass, whose guitar playing is finger-lickin' good; kindred spirit Tommy Flanagan, on piano; bassist John B. Williams; and Jake Nanna, on drums. It's first-class Carter, than which there is no higher praise.

Duke Ellington: *Black, Brown & Beige* (Monmouth Evergreen). Ellington wrote a sizable number of long works (of which this was one of the first) and a much larger number of short ones, including the song entitled "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing." The efforts of the English musicians to create—from sheet music, from acetates of a live Carnegie Hall concert performance, and from their own input—the first truly complete recording of *BB&B* have resulted in a version that is earnest, conscientious, and well meaning. But, alas, it ain't got that swing and, hence, it don't mean a thing. Prevailingly, there is one shade too many added to Ellington's three, and that is one that doesn't belong—white. The best solo effort with the Alan Cohen band is the vocal by Norma Winstone on "The Blues."

Quire: "Misty," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Django," "Take the 'A' Train" (RCA). Anyone wondering what happened to the original Swingle Singers can now stop. Four of the members, including powerfully individual Christiane Legrand, have metamorphosed into Quire, a vocal group capable of mixing the sound of the Ink Spots with those of a vacuum cleaner (by vocal means alone, of course) and of coming out with a version of "Ain't Misbehavin' " that its composer, Fats Waller, could never have imagined. More explication would be useless: the treatment of "Honky Tonk Train" and "Body and Soul," as well as those of the titles above, speaks for itself. —I.K.

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Booked for Travel

Manolita

by Horace Sutton

MANOLITA died before July was out, and a bit of Italy went with her.

She was in her way, which was charming, cajoling, perceptive, naive, redoubtable, and as persuasive as it was winning, the central reason that Italy, only lately the enemy nation, the black-shirted Fascist camp that Mussolini had made it, bloomed as a sunny friend to those Americans who began to go there for pleasure in the slim years that followed World War II.

When I met her first she was Manolita Doelger, the director in North America of the Italian State Tourist Office, the first director of the post-war period and the first woman ever to fill the post.

Ensconced in an office in Rockefeller Center, she was a woman of ample *poitrine* and determined manner, cordial and correct, but teetering always on the cliffside of impatience. She had to get Italy back on the map and she was short of time. In private she was Mrs. Carl Doelger, married to an American and mother of two. In her heart there was Italy and she sold it, courted it, advanced its cause in a hundred ways, most of them unappreciated as they were incomprehensible to the Byzantine court of the Italian civil service, the home office with which she had to deal in Rome.

I had come to her office to enlist her cooperation in a travel book I was preparing to write. It would be the third in a series, and having solved the riddle of French officialdom in the first work and coasted through Canada—which hadn't as yet gotten politically convoluted—with ease, I was confident that Italy would prove as much a joy as a breeze.

Neither Manolita nor I was prepared for the answer that came from Rome following her initial advisory about my project. "Tell him," Rome told her and she told me, "not to come. We have enough tourists already."

She was not a woman to suffer home-office incompetence with a diffident shrug. Rather, she ran an arpeggio of shrill outrages heard as clearly in her embassy in Washington as they were in the boardroom of Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, the cognomen of her agency. It was, after all, the height of the Marshall Plan, when European countries were being given American instruction and American funds to entice dollar-bearing American tourists abroad.

"Fools!" she cried. "I apologize for them. So-ton"—in the strange amalgam of her accent and the Continental preference, she used my last name—"they are fools, So-ton."

In the end I went to Italy without Rome's enthusiasm, but not without her support—fervent, unwavering, and personal. To make sure the mission was properly accomplished, she arranged to be in Italy while I was there.

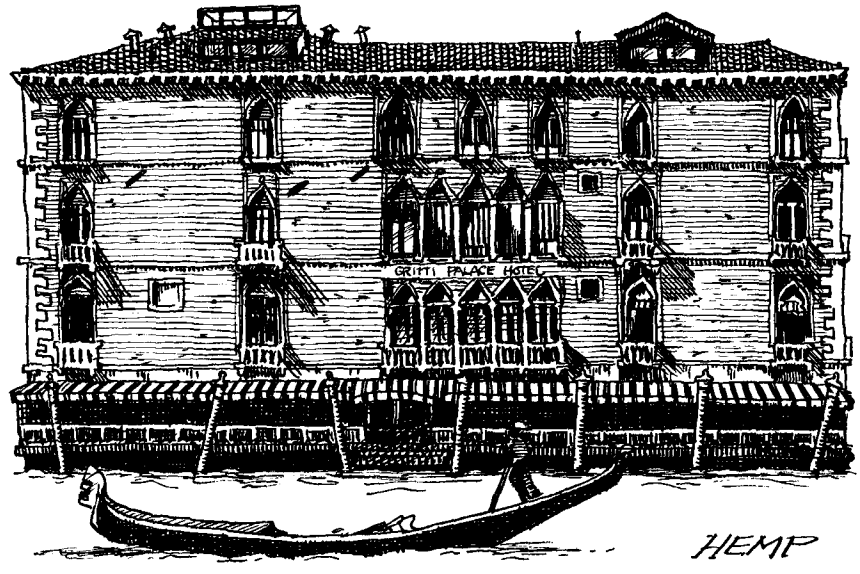
I had done the research in the north before she arrived, meeting, through her advance letters to each of them, the great hotelmen of Italy—Armanni of the Excelsior in Rome and the elegant monocled Masprone of the Gritti Palace in Venice, whom Hemingway referred to as the Gran Maestro.

In the course of my invasion I had contracted a debility that was a cross between Bologna Belly and Caesar's Revenge, and it was with feeble step that I answered her summons to meet her in the garden of the Quirinale Hotel. I found her holding court in an elegant assemblage of Roman friends. She needed only one glance at my gaunt frame and sallow mien. "So-ton," she exclaimed. "What have they *done* to you?" And forthwith she ordered a pot of camomile tea.

Manolita was conditioned to American business procedures. She was liberated long before the progenitors of the cause were liberated from their playpens. We made a date to meet at nine the next morning, at the apartment of her sister and her Italian brother-in-law, to stitch up the loose ends of research. I would head south while she occupied herself with family matters, and we would meet and fly home together, working out the rough edges of the research on the flight home.

On the appointed day we cabled ahead to Max Blouet at the George V for rooms and flew off for a stop in Paris. She regaled me with stories of the home office, of her tribulations with Roman officialdom, and of Roman manners. Her brother-in-law had remonstrated with her, even though he and his wife and a battalion of servants were on the premises at the time of my visit, for entertaining a man in private quarters at the indecent hour of nine A.M.

Dear man. He would have been apoplectic had he known what was in store in Paris. Blouet, all smiles, was at the door. Yes, he got the cable. Yes, he had rooms for us. But the automobile show was in town, and rooms were at a premium. He had made available a suite of a potentate who was away from the city. It had two bedrooms and a large living room to which both bedrooms opened, but alas, there was only one bath, and it was reached off the sitting room.



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Illustrations: William Hemp

Manolita took it in an instant, and I had little recourse but to comply. The scourge of Caesar was upon me again, and I was eager to collapse in a corner. Not so Manolita. She had been schooled in Paris, and she set about immediately calling her school friends. She had soon made a date for dinner and I took to my couch. Her calls, by now, were being returned, and I was left alone to take them. The middle-aged matrons of Paris were confounded by the male voice. Was this Mr. Doelger? No, it was not. It was a journalist friend who, er . . . happened to be traveling with Mrs. Doelger. She would be out for the evening. She would be available in the morning. We would be flying to America the next afternoon, and she would love to see you . . . etc.

I awoke late, and remembering that the bath was reached off the parlor, I put on a robe and went through the door. And there they were, Manolita's class of middle-aged Parisian women in full assemblage. The gasp could have been heard in St. Cloud. And the tongues must have wagged late into the night. As for Manolita, once aboard the plane, she laughed until her ample frame shook. Then she leaned back and surveyed me, some twenty years her junior. "Not bad," she said, in ultimate appraisal. "They will talk, So-ton, but they will think I didn't do too badly." She wore a Cheshire-cat smile all the way to Idlewild Airport.

Through the years Manolita talked of *l'affaire de Paris*, and the circumstances became more compromising with each telling. With her energy and charm and her way of manipulating the satanic forces in her home office, and cooing her way past the Italian private sector, she made Italy a power among tourist nations. Her immense drive and dedication—and don't forget the allure that she wore like an amulet of limitless powers—drove her to the top of the European Travel Commission, a conference of twenty-three nations, which made her its president. Only one other European state ever appointed a woman to control its tourist destinies in the United States, and that was Monaco, which named an American, and then only for a short session.

After four years as chairman of the European Travel Commission—it was 1964 and *chairperson* had not yet entered the language—the members asked her to continue. But as she said, she "wanted to be Mrs. Doelger again," and so she retired to a handsome cottage in Chathamport, Mass., tending her flowers and her husband, swimming in the sea, and bestowing a fine Italian hand on whatever she turned to in the kitchen, including swordfish done with olive oil and garlic and tomatoes, a culinary arrangement that may have rocked Anglo New England.

One summer, by chance assigned to write a piece on that attractive town, I brought my family to Chathamport. She knew all the doors, and how to open them, as she knew them in Italy, and I was at once whisked into a world of selectmen, private clubs, citizens chosen by her for their flavor and their knowledge. "Treat my Chathamport nicely, 'orace"—she had finally come to call me by my first name—was her admonition as she swam with my children and me from the secluded dock she treasured. Only later did I suspect that she had sold the concept of a story on Chathamport to the editor of the magazine that had called me, he having been as mesmerized by her ineffable winsomeness as I.

ONLY the other year while I was in St. Martin, in the West Indies, a note arrived from Manolita. She was in winter residence on Saba, an inbred little island that until relatively recently had no airport and only a few jeeps to maneuver its steep grades. An airstrip had been scratched out, and when we arrived she was there to meet us, with the Saban in charge of tourism—there were two inns and a total of some seventeen rooms—in tow.

Carl had died, and with naught to do but face the New England winter alone, Manolita had come to help a friend from Chathamport, recently divorced from her Italian husband, run the tiny hotel. Manolita had the island in charge. Islanders and winter residents called her La Contessa,

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and she loved them all. She had bought cowrie shells inlaid with the outline of a lizard, the work of a dextrous craftsman, to give to my children. She took us on long walks down those narrow flowered pathways to buy tomatoes at the scruffy general store to bring to her friend the priest. She had to visit the island's best embroiderer, who was preparing place mats for her table in Chathamport.

Italy, incredibly, had come to Saba, a Dutch possession administered from Curaçao. For our welcome lunch she had bid the kitchen, nay, *taught* the cook, to make *spaghetti Bolognese*. The perfumes eddied over the dining terrace and delighted the other guests, some entrenched for the winter and others, fortunate trippers who had come for the day. At my bidding Manolita wrote out the recipe in her big, open hand. The pungent aroma—though I didn't realize it then—would always evoke memories of her, a swirl of tomatoes, a waft of garlic, a dollop of wine, and a ladling of cream just to top it off.

As always, no matter the location, there began a swing of events. A mountainous hike for the kids. A morning reception, praise be, on Saba, with champagne and the island elders and selected visitors in congress. For the grand finale: a small cocktail at the hideaway winter home of a New Yorker to which she had lured the administrator, the island governor sent by Curacao. As always with Manolita, there was a small adventure that resulted in a story to be told again and again through the years, and this was the night for it.

THE host's home was perched on the side of a long-extinct crater overlooking the modest town called The Bottom, which had sprung up in the crater floor. The sun had dropped into the Caribbean and the village lights had come on. Manolita, the administrator, and I had repaired to the terrace to admire the view, and as conversation lagged Manolita turned and said, "Your honor"—for that is how she decided he should be addressed—"your honor, your Bottom looks beautiful tonight." Her eye caught mine and I quickly repaired indoors before I tumbled into outright guffaws.

Later she exploded in mirth and begged me not to write about it, and tempting as it was, I complied. I hope she forgives me now, for that random lapse into the deliciously maladroit was Manolita, too. Sitting there in the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral in midsummer, with the sun streaming through east windows, I thought of The Bottom and Chathamport and Paris, and of Italy and walking with her once, long years ago, on the sands of Anzio, where we found old army-ration cans underfoot, wondering, both of us, whether those who had nourished from them had lived to make the march on Rome. There were other thoughts of her, a cascade of them running then through the minds of her colleagues of old who had come to wave her good-bye—Durnin of Ireland, Turbayne of Britain, Ramo of Finland, Nordholm of Sweden, and Reader, who had publicized France.

The priest was young and very handsome, but one had to strain to hear him, and the words spoken from the lectern couldn't be heard at all. "'The brethren from Italy send you greetings. Grace be with you all. Amen'—St. Paul to the Hebrews XII:24, 25." She would have been pleased with that biblical choice that was read. And she would have noted how handsome was the priest who had been chosen. As for the acoustics, she would have had Cardinal Cooke on the phone by afternoon and advised him that something had to be done so people could hear. I suspect, mesmerized and charmed, he would have given the necessary orders straightaway. ◉

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World Progress Report

Light Against Darkness

A continuing study by the National Eye Institute has demonstrated the effectiveness of a new treatment for diabetic retinopathy, one of the leading causes of blindness. The condition is caused by the growth of abnormal blood vessels on the surface of the retina, the light-sensitive "film" at the back of the eye. Loss of vision or total blindness in severe cases results when these blood vessels bleed into the clear, jellylike substance that fills the interior cavity of the eye. The National Eye Institute, part of the NIH, estimates that diabetic retinopathy threatens more than 300,000 diabetics, whose chances of losing their sight increase with the duration and severity of the disease.

The new treatment, called photocoagulation, focuses, precisely, intense light beams on the retina from a green argon laser or a white xenon arc. The minute burns caused by the light flashes destroy the offending blood vessels or inhibit their growth.

Although photocoagulation has been used for more than ten years by some ophthalmologists, its effectiveness has been questioned by others. The NEI study, reported in the *American Journal of Ophthalmology*, involves more than 1,700 patients at sixteen institutions. After two years of the study, only 6.4 percent of the treated eyes had become blind, compared with 16.3 percent of the untreated eyes, although in some cases there was partial loss of visual acuity or peripheral vision even in the treated eyes.

In case the results proved discouraging, each patient participating in the study received photocoagulation treatment in only one eye. Now, encouraged by the early results, some of them are coming back to have the other eye treated.

Danger: Biologists at Work

Like the Faustian experimenters in all the monster movies descended from *Frankenstein*, real-life scientists have acquired the ability to create in the laboratory life forms never invented by the natural forces of creation. The scientific wizardry involves the exchange of genetic material between living cells of normally disparate kinds of organisms. The result is a variety of new, man-made organisms with unpredictable characteristics.

The avant-garde biologists hope that their experiments with "recombinant DNA" will yield new understanding of fundamental genetic processes, as well as new organisms with useful talents, such as bacteria that can synthesize medically important hormones. Other scientists and concerned laymen, however, worry that the proliferation of genetic experimentation may result in the inadvertent creation and release of virulent new organisms against which human systems have no natural defenses.

In 1974, as the potential dangers of the new biology were becoming apparent, a group of concerned scientists suggested a voluntary moratorium on further experiments with recombinant DNA until effective rules and safeguards could be devised and put into operation. More recently, after long discussion, the National Institutes of Health emphasized the need for caution by issuing detailed research guidelines for self-discipline in the laboratory. The NIH rules outlaw some kinds of genetic tinkering outright, including experiments that might produce resistance to medications in dangerous germs. The guidelines also prescribe detailed precautions to prevent the inadvertent escape or intentional release of experimental materials from the laboratory.

Although the NIH guidelines do not have the force of law, they can be enforced by the threat of withdrawal of the federal funds that are the main support of many research institutions. Private pharmaceutical companies, not under the same constraints, have expressed their general agreement with the regulations.

Premarital Relations

The old vow to "love, honor, and obey" is not only sexist but also inadequate for a growing number of modern marriages. According to sociologist Marvin Sussman, director of the Institute on Family and Bureaucratic Society, at Case Western University, the marriage contract nowadays is increasingly likely to be a document in legal language and with quasi-legal force, spelling out in tortuous detail exactly what the prospective partners mean when they sigh, "I do."

The most common items for negotiation, says Sussman, are the everyday issues of money, housekeeping, and child rearing. But in this age of liberation and individual rights, reports *The New York Times*, more elaborate agreements may also specify how arguments over careers, place of residence, and even extramarital relationships are to be resolved. In case of an impasse, litigious lovers may try to enforce the terms of the contract in court; but more conciliatory couples may, like labor and management, invoke compulsory arbitration. —ANTHONY WOLFF

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Top of My Head

Letter to a Traveler

by Goodman Ace

Viking I
Chryse (pronounced Chryse)
Mars

DEAR VIK:

Well, ol' buddy boy, exactly as you promised to send me, today (July 20) I received your snapshots of Mars. It's been almost a year since I saw you down in Pasadena and I asked what you were up to these days, and you said you were planning to take a trip to Mars. I figured it was another one of your flaky ideas, always going places nobody ever went before.

But I pretended to go along with the gag. "Mars? Why are you going to Mars?" I asked. And you said you wanted to find the answer to that big question: "Is there life on Mars?"

"And how do you propose to find that out?" I asked.

And you said, "Well, first I'll have to find the answer to the bigger and more important corollary question: 'Is there sex on Mars?' Because life is one of those things you can't have any of without the other. If there's three percent nitrogen up there, there could be life."

Well, to tell you the truth, pal, I thought you were out of your screwed-up computer.

But now, Vik, you sonofagun, I can see from these beautiful snapshots that you made it. Okay, so the laugh's on me. So call me robot. For about a year I've thought about you often—especially when I heard you had rocketed into Mars's orbit and were flying around up there for days and days but weren't landing on Mars. That bothered me so much that I phoned your home office at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena. I asked them what's going on.

This guy told me that all those big scientists and biologists and geologists had made a startling discovery. He said you had run into a traffic problem that they had always believed was indigenous only to the planet Earth: finding a place to park.

Well, Vik, I was sure relieved when you finally landed. Man, that has to be the record for the longest holding pattern in aviation.

Then you gave me another scare when you developed a kink in your arm that you were supposed to use to shovel up some Mars dirt. The scientists weren't ready for that kind of problem, which was not one of your everyday Roto-Rooter jobs. And getting a plumber up there, 200 million miles, at portal-to-portal pay—wow!

Well, all kidding aside, boy, and please understand I'm not putting you down, but I could have saved you the trip if I'd known you were flying to Mars to find out if there's life up there.

Although I'm one of the few people who have never observed an unidentified flying object flashing red and green lights, landing on my lawn, and lowering a little ladder down which came a lot of little green men, I've known in my heart for some years that Mars is inhabited. And because all Martians are green, I know theirs is the only planet around that doesn't have any color discrimination.

I'll bet you a buck those Martians are so far ahead of us in science that they saw you coming all the time. Why, thousands of those little people must have called their police department to report a UFO and got the usual answer in policemanese that the police would investigate the alleged object and would apprehend the alleged perpetrators.

And I'll bet you another buck, Vik, that if you could get up there and take pictures of their terrain, which over the millennia has been assaulted by soaring winds, they certainly must have taken pictures of our terrain, which over the centuries has been assaulted by high property taxes and gales of soaring Con Ed bills.

Of course I have no concrete evidence of this. All I know about Mars is what I extrapolated years ago from an old Orson Welles radio program. I learned then that those Martians are pretty tough little characters. So cool it. And keep an eye on your attractive sister, Viky II, who's up there with you. I'm glad you brought her along. This is the year sisters are in—for example, Jimmy Carter's sister, Ruth.

In case you haven't heard, Carter won the Democratic nomination. Senator Mondale won the vice-presidential one. A good man, but I was pulling for Frank Church. Carter seems so religious that I thought he and Church would make for a most compatible ticket.

In closing, Vik, I can only say that if it made you happy to fly to Mars, you must be extremely happy. After all, our Founding Fathers never promised us happiness —only the "pursuit" of happiness. And nobody can say you didn't pursue it.

Be of good health, fella, up there. And don't drink the water.

P.S.: Hey, I'm not sending this letter to Mars. I just found out what the postage is. A $2-billion stamp? I'll mail it to Pasadena for only thirteen cents, even if it will take our postal service a little longer to get it to Pasadena. ◉

"You seem to have an i *for this sort of thing."*

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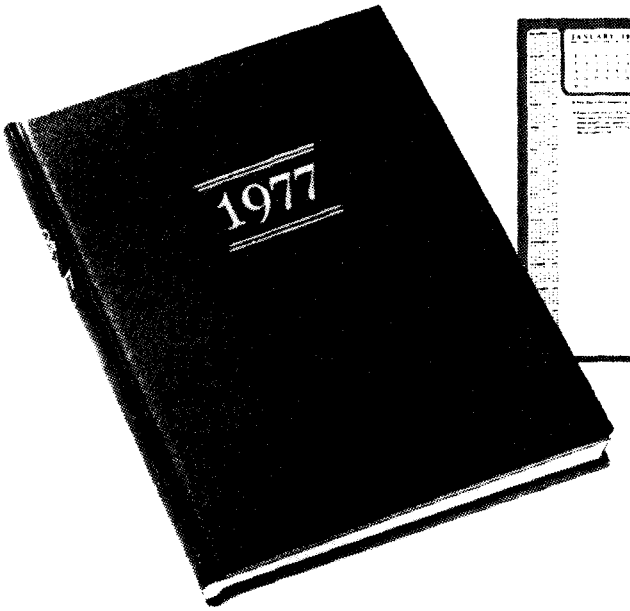

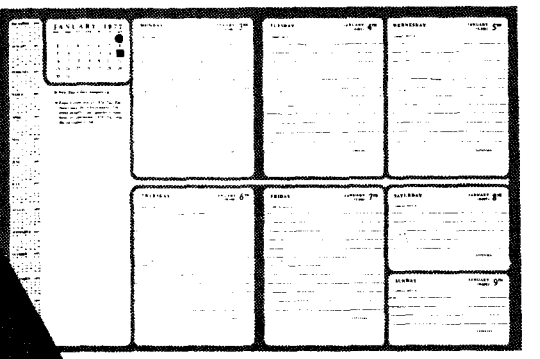

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Manner of Speaking

The Devil You Say (He understands all codes)

by John Ciardi

I WAS driving along an interstate highway with an Italian friend when he asked me to translate a roadside sign that read E-Z OFF-ON. I managed something in 500 words or less and I think he got it, but all he would say was "This is no a language. It is a code." So is any language, but I was not inclined to press that point with him. Those who speak codes natively do not know it is, in fact, a code they speak.

But try translating an expression as simple as "The devil you say!" "Devil!" is, of course, an exclamation of vexation shortened from "The devil take it!" which is, of course, a variant of "To hell with it!" It is the sort of thing our reflexes transmit when the hammer hits the thumb. But if I say, "Your house is on fire," and you answer, "The devil you say!" how do I explain to a foreign student that you mean "May the devil take unto himself all such news as you have just brought me and which I am somewhat vexed to hear"? Which is only roughly a paraphrase at that, since the expression is primarily a muscular noise-reflex not directly related to the sense of any of the words spoken.

Or try so basic an English word as "oops." None of my standard dictionaries lists it. When I checked the local library, I found it listed only in the *Random House Dictionary*. Have lexicographers simply overlooked it or have they shied away from it because it won't be defined? It comes to meaning only in a given context.

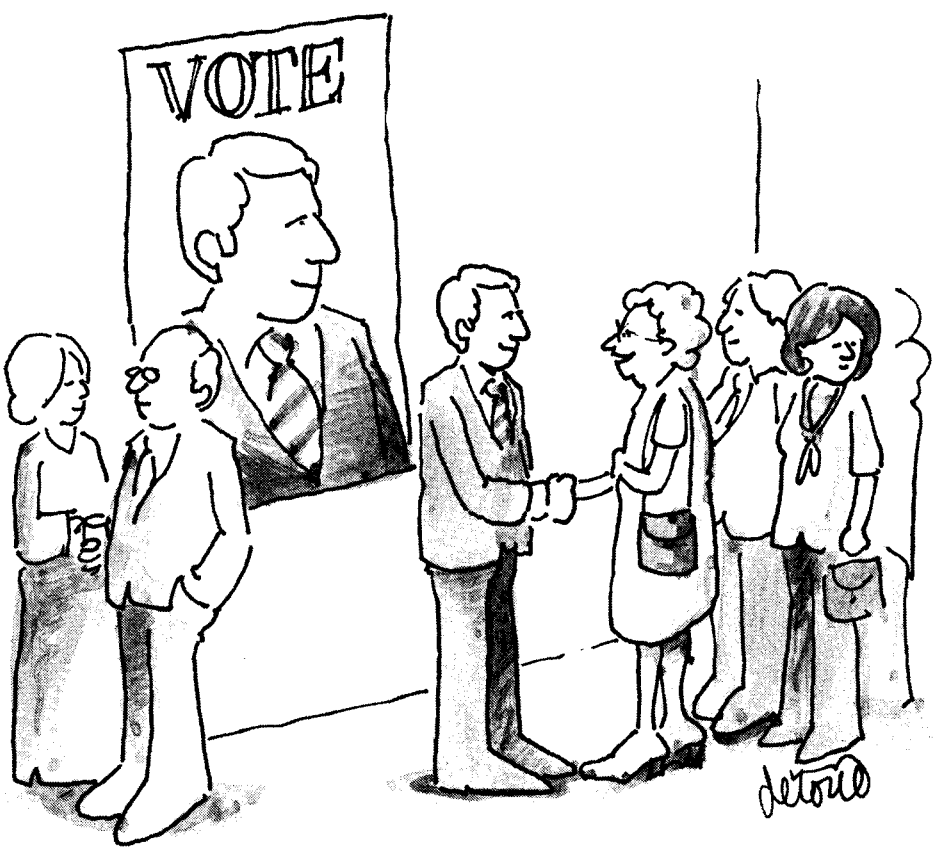
Or ask a friend who speaks Yiddish to translate for you "I did not understand what you just said. Would you say it again please and a bit more slowly?" If he bites, he will probably begin with something like *"Ich haub nisht vershtanen vaus di . . ."* But you shake your head and stop him. In Yiddish, you inform him, it is expressed as "*Hanh*?!" Such sounds are part of the language, perhaps as seed is to what grows from it. Apes use such seed-language forms.

There is another much more developed form of language in which words are used without much regard for dictionary meaning. Unless I mistake the label, this form is what semanticists call "presymbolic language." I prefer to call it "testing." When the voice from the controlroom asks the speaker before the mike for a voice level, anything will do to establish the presence of a voice.

Assume, now, that a sweet young thing in a white linen suit has just had a flat tire on a muddy road and that a local yokel strolls by and says, "Have a flat tire?" And assume further that she answers, "No, you idiot, I am cooking up a soufflé!" The sweet young thing has misunderstood the nature of voice-test codes. The local yokel is not asking for information. He sees that the tire is flat. He is offering to help but does not know how to begin until he has established a conversational presence. In full translation he is saying, "I see you are having difficulties and I'd be happy to help, but before that can happen, we more or less have to get some sort of conversation started, wouldn't you say?"

The code can vary. A more self-possessed person might be more direct. He might say, "Well, now, let's do something about this." The more circuitous opening is the opening of the uneasy person. But all such openings are more nearly a code than a language.

And through all forms of language there is that self-determining illogic called "idiom." If a bad poet writes, "It matters not what cost we pay," we may or may not be able to say why "cost" is wrong, but we know that "price" is the word called for by the demanding illogic of English idiom. "Cost" is from the Latin verb *constare,* "to stand with," and, in an extended sense, "to stand at a fixed valuation." "Price" is from the Latin noun *pretium,* "price," with the root sense "at the counterpoised (equivalent) value of." The two words are often interchangeable, but not always, and nothing in their roots explains when they can and when they cannot do for each other. Idiom decides. We know because we have learned the code. ◉



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Light Refractions

My Apologies, Mr. Von Zell

by Thomas H. Middleton

For a few weeks now, I've been eating crow fricassee served on a bed of shredded hat in a bitter sauce flavored with my own words. I'm wearing a suit I got from my new tailors, Sakloth & Asch's.

A few weeks ago, in a column called "I'm Here in the Orchard, Juliet," I mentioned a commercial for Home Savings and Loan Association in which Harry Von Zell says that Home Savings and Loan pays interest "from day in to day out." I complained that Von Zell was misstating the cliché "day in, day out."

The first indication I had that perhaps I had not been playing with a full deck was a phone call I got one morning just as I was on my second cup of coffee. It was Dan Hayes, calling long distance from Baltimore. (Mr. Hayes didn't spell his name, so I'm guessing that he spells it Hayes, as in Helen, Isaac, and Rutherford B.) He said he thought I'd missed the point—that "from day in to day out" meant from the day you put your money into the savings and loan to the day you took it out.

The dawn came up like thunder outer Maryland 'crost the continent. I controlled my suddenly unhinged jaw long enough to thank Mr. Hayes, and, feeling like the odds-on favorite in a Boob McNutt think-alike contest, I thought about the bushels of mail I'd be getting in the next few days. Within an hour, thirty-two letters arrived repeating essentially what Mr. Hayes had said. The next day, the mail was just about equally heavy. The third day, there were only four letters on the subject, so I figured I'd weathered the worst of it—another instance of faulty figuring, for I was merely passing through the calm eye of the storm. The following day, I got twenty-seven letters. It took a while for the flood to slow down to a trickle. Nowadays, just an occasional reminder drops through the old mail slot.

Altogether the pieces of mail numbered in the hundreds.

It's a sobering experience to learn that for years your mind has been blocking out something that should be obvious. It's like realizing there's been a blown fuse in part of your upstairs wiring. But I've had considerable consolation in discovering that a great many others have also registered a mild annoyance at the same supposedly misstated cliché. Still, I'm the only one to have publicized the blind spot in writing.

Among those who saw the point of Home S&L's slogan immediately is my psychologist friend, Dr. Alice Sachs. She told me she wondered what in the world I was talking about. I asked her if she'd understood "from day in to day out" right away, and she said of course she had; then, in a great act of kindness, she told me that little blocks like that are not anything to worry about. "In fact," she confessed, "for years I've been reading *Andy Capp* in the funny papers, and it wasn't until day before yesterday that I saw any connection between *Andy Capp* and ' 'andicap.' " I told her I'd caught on to that one right away. It made me feel somewhat better. I guess that's one of the things psychologists are for, especially if they're friends.

A few people—not many—surprised me by taking seriously my remarks on "Pride goeth before a fall" in the same column. What I said was, "I remember that, when I was a small boy and first heard 'Pride goeth before a fall,' I found the statement confusing. I felt that 'Pride goeth *after* a fall' would be more accurate. The fall, presumably, would drive out pride and replace it with a large scoop of humility. The line is actually, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' It's from Proverbs. I still think '*after* a fall' is better."

I thought that "when I was a small boy" would set a tone that might indicate that "I still think '*after* a fall' is better" might not be in dead earnest; but I suppose that, in company with the blindness about Harry Von Zell's statement, just about any bit of idiocy might be accepted. Seeing my dunce cap, a few people even took the trouble to explain that "to go" has several meanings.

I thank everyone who wrote to straighten me out, and if you didn't get an answer to your letter, it's because answering all the letters I got would take me from now through sometime next year, so I'm papering the walls of my office with them as a constant reminder not to shoot off my typewriter without being reasonably sure of my target.

I'm going to get off this crow diet and put on more comfortable clothes as soon as I've apologized to Harry Von Zell.

I'm sorry I misunderstood you, Mr. Von Zell.

Also, when you were a foil for Burns and Allen, you were great. ◉

"I'd like a wart on the end of my nose."

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 67* (see page 13): Ignorant men raise questions that wise men answered a thousand years ago.—Goethe

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ATTORNEY, 29, SPEAKS FLUENT ITALIAN, seeks employment in Europe. All positions considered. SR Box 2094.

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We're looking for people who twitch, yelp, grimace and grunt uncontrollably.

If any of this behavior applies to you, or someone you know, please read this message carefully.

We're looking for people who have a little-known disorder of the central nervous system and don't know it.

It's called Tourette Syndrome and it usually starts between the ages of 2 and 14.

Beginning with tic-like muscular movements, such as eye twitching, grimacing, head and shoulder jerking and throat noises, it progresses to some of the most bizarre symptoms imaginable, which appear and disappear mysteriously.

The older Tourette victim may suddenly hiss, twist his torso, scream out without reason, or stomp his feet. In the midst of a normal conversation, he may let out of string of the foulest curses, which is absolutely *beyond his control.*

Can you imagine what it's like to grow up with this syndrome? At school? At a party? On a date? At a job inteview? And the worst of it is that most victims accept it as an emotional problem, *which it is not.* Many doctors, too, misdiagnose it as a mental disorder.

But it is physical! There is a drug that can help control the symptoms in many people. There is an association dedicated to curing the disease.

If you or your children or friends show any of these symptoms, please contact us immediately for more information. The sooner you act, the sooner you or your children or friend can hope to lead a more normal life.

Please send me information.

☐ I think I may have Tourette Syndrome.

☐ I know someone who may have it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to Tourette Syndrome Assoc., Bell Plaza Bldg., 42-40 Bell Blvd., Bayside, New York 11361 SR

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 J	2 B	3 W	4 Q		5 E	6 K	7 R	8 O	9 N	10 M	11 V		12 Q		13 T	14 L
15 K	16 D		17 F	18 H	19 O		20 B	21 S	22 E	23 J		24 W	25 O		26 V	27 L
28 K		29 E	30 D	31 Y	32 A		33 G	34 U	35 O	36 M		37 F	38 R		39 W	40 D
41 P	42 C	43 O	44 K	45 Q	46 G		47 W	48 F	49 A		50 G	51 O	52 U	53 Q	54 C	
55 Z	56 J		57 L	58 A	59 T	60 D	61 O		62 U		63 I	64 B	65 S		66 O	67 E
	68 G	69 D	70 L	71 Y	72 E	73 Q		74 P	75 C	76 Y		77 P	78 S	79 T		80 Q
81 B	82 G	83 Z		84 V	85 A	86 J	87 U	88 E		89 M	90 R	91 K	92 Q		93 B	94 G
95 N	96 I	97 S	98 T	99 X	100 D	101 M	102 L		103 Y	104 S	105 G		106 A	107 X	108 R	109 D
110 B	111 C	112 L	113 Z	114 P		115 M	116 Q	117 E	118 X	119 I		120 W	121 T	122 H		123 Z
	124 E	125 T	126 I		127 M	128 F	129 Q	130 C	131 K	132 D	133 P	134 L	135 U	136 G		137 N
138 D	139 R	140 Z	141 Q		142 W	143 I	144 H	145 O	146 F		147 S	148 N		149 N	150 P	151 T
152 L	153 D	154 E		155 C	156 Z		157 B	158 G	159 I	160 J	161 X	162 T	163 K		164 E	165 V
	166 L	167 O	168 R		169 N	170 G	171 T		172 K	173 C	174 P	175 B	176 Y	177 M		178 S
179 H	180 L	181 G	182 D													

Number 107

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Pip, humdinger, beaut	49 58 85 106 32
B. Of doubtful propriety or taste (comp.)	64 110 157 175 2 20 81 93
C. About	130 155 173 42 75 111 54
D. English county across the Solent and Spithead channels from Hampshire (3 wds.)	100 132 40 60 69 109 16 30 182 138 153
E. Forestalls (2 wds.)	154 164 5 22 72 88 117 124 67
F. Was the focal point of a necktie party	146 17 37 48 128
G. Long-stemmed clay pipe	29 46 94 158 68 170 33 50 82 105 136 181
H. Accommodate	18 179 144 122
I. North American elk	126 143 63 96 119 159
J. Irish nationalist hanged in 1803	160 86 1 23 56
K. Takes delight	6 28 172 15 44 91 131 163
L. Competition or conflict, often bitterly personal	180 14 70 112 102 27 57 134 152 166
M. Hindu expression on greeting or parting	101 115 89 127 177 10 36
N. Isle where St. John the Divine wrote Revelations	137 149 169 95 148 9
O. Chimney corners	8 25 43 145 167 51 66 19 35 61
P. Blowing in sudden blasts	114 41 133 74 174 77 150
Q. Scarlet pimpernels	73 80 141 116 53 12 129 92 4 45
R. Production; yield	139 108 7 38 90 168
S. Meshwork	97 78 65 147 21 104 178
T. Yielding readily to opposition, pressure, etc. (comp.)	79 125 98 13 59 121 151 171 162
U. Century plant, for instance	34 52 62 135 87
V. Small quantities	26 165 84 11
W. Chinese cinnamon	142 47 3 39 24 120
X. English poet (1784–1859; "Jenny Kissed Me")	107 118 161 99
Y. Island, seat of Vila, the administrative center of the New Hebrides	76 71 103 31 176
Z. She served in the U.S. Congress, 1917–19 and 1941–43	156 123 140 83 55 113

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 106* appears on page 19.

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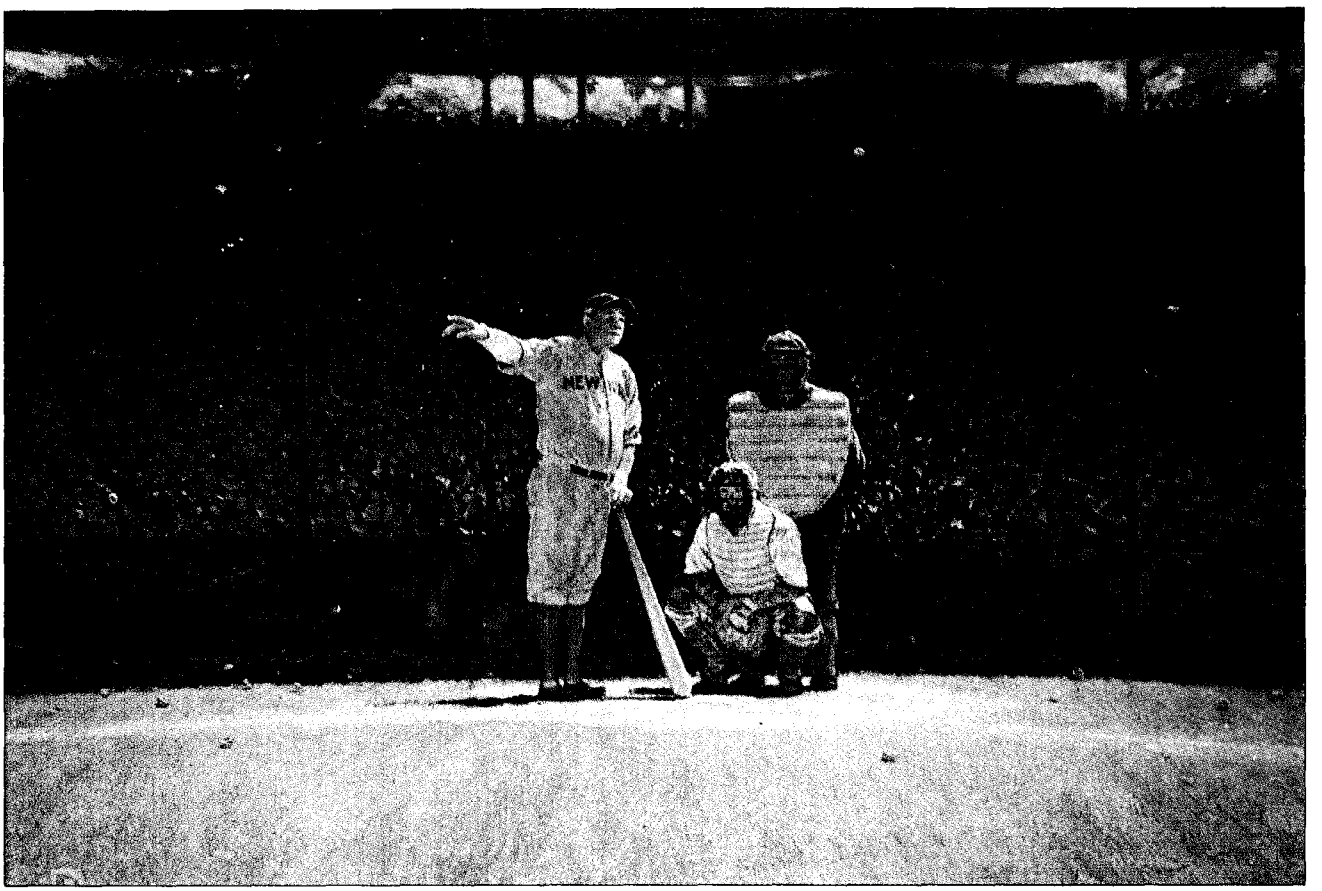
"BABE'S GREATEST MOMENT"

Date: October 1, 1932
Event: World Series, Third Game, Yankees vs. Cubs, Score Tied 4-4



With a two-strike count, Babe Ruth made the most dramatic and daring gesture ever seen in World Series play. Leering at the hecklers, he pointed to the flagpole at the right of the scoreboard at center field and in unmistakable pantomine promised that he would hit the very next pitch there or thereabouts.

Wham! It soared high and wide and straight out where he had indicated. It finally lost altitude and hit an office building outside the park. This homer is still cited as the longest hit ever made at Wrigley Field. On November 15, 1976, Esquire is officially donating to the Baseball Hall of Fame "Babe's Greatest Moment" as captured by the famous artist Douglass Crockwell.

To celebrate this event, Esquire is making available a fine art lithograph of this historical painting; included will be a Certificate of Authenticity as well as a copy of Jack Miley's essay describing this major event. You are cordially invited to take advantage of this offer and to display this compelling scene in your office, den or on your living-room wall. An ideal gift for all occasions and ages. You may charge "Babe's Greatest Moment" to your American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge or Diners Club account if you wish. Charge or cash, you are protected by Esquire's 15-day examination period.

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☐ "Babe's Greatest Moment" Unframed 22 x 28
$30.00 + 2.00 Postage & Handling
☐ Enclosed is my check or money order

Please charge to:

☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Diners Club

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(All Digits)
Name_____
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SR-9

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Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December, when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

Another gold medal won at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

Sir Thomas Dewar became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

Dewar's never varies. ®

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

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